


# HOW DO WE KNOW?



CORTLAND MYERS



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HOW DO WE KNOW?





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## INTRODUCTION

DOES science know and religion guess? This interrogation has caused much misunderstanding and misrepresentation. The impression is almost universal that science does know and religion guesses. The fact is that science guesses and religion knows. Science may discover the truth and may know the truth. But it does and necessarily does deal with hypothesis. Much of that which it thinks it knows, and ordinary people think they know, is yet in the hypothesis stage, and may always remain there.

This is not criticism of science but rather commendation for the persistency, toil, and sacrifice of great men and great minds.

But we must remember that not all of our knowledge comes by the way of the intellectual. Some of it—and some of the best of it—comes through the channel of the heart. This has far more to do with life and reality than most people imagine. Many things we know cannot be placed in a syllogism. They belong to life rather than logic. We are at our best when we love, but no one ever knew this by intellectual processes. So

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there is much in religion that comes by the way of the heart and is our most certain knowledge. Religion deals with both facts and experience. Question-marks have surrounded Christianity like a barbed-wire fence in the attempt to separate it from the things we know. This is an impossibility, for men are "incurably religious." It is the deepest fact of human nature, and Christianity is the only satisfactory answer to the cry of the soul. There is an attempt in these pages to discover this to men and help them to know that they can know.

CORTLAND MYERS.

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# I

## HOW DO WE KNOW THERE IS A GOD?

A MOST pathetic, tragic, revealing incident has recently occurred in Japan. A student, a graduate of Tokio University taking post-graduate studies and going to the limit of education, went to Nikko, the home of the famous century-old temples so numerous, so unique, and so wonderful. He stayed some months in the atmosphere of the ancient religion and extreme superstition. He passed all his day hours in the various temples, and at last went up into the mountains to a great waterfall. He climbed to the summit from which it made its tremendous plunge into the chasm below. He wrote a note saying: "I have gone through the difficult task of education searching for God, and I failed. I came to Nikko and continued that search to find God, and there I failed. I am now going into the other world to see if I can find him there." Then he leaped into the mad swirling rapids and went over to his death. This same suicidal act was so frequently repeated by others that



the government has taken steps to prevent its increase and continuance. Within the last eight years two hundred and thirty-six other students have followed the example of this first one in their extreme attempt to find God.

The Psalmist was right when he uttered the normal, natural cry of the universal human heart: "My soul thirsteth for God, the living God. O that I knew where I might find him." Millions have echoed that same soul cry. It rises from the very depths of the human heart and will not be silenced. The atmosphere of this present hour is not charged with atheism but rather with the consciousness or unconsciousness of the desire to find the truth about God, to know him and to strengthen and fortify their conviction about him. This persistent interrogation pierces through the roughest, most callous exterior into the deeps of man's soul. It commands his holiest moments, his divinest purpose, his deathless desire, and his sincerest thinking. He can find rest and peace and satisfaction only in the certainty of God and an experience with him. One of the distinctive marks on this hour is that many of the great literary geniuses and many of the great scientists and statesmen and philosophers have been trying their best to find

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their way through the darkness back to God. Men who did not believe in God, who claimed at least to be atheistic before the World War was on, are now believers and have declared emphatically and repeatedly in book, magazine, and everywhere their faith in the living God. They may have been trying to find their way through the jungle, or through the forest thick and dark, or through the midnight, and they may have been attempting to find their way by a wrong road. Men are not going to find their way back to God by the ghostly pathway of spiritualism. They are not going to find their way back to God by some other ways that are being attempted now. Nevertheless, this remains true that men everywhere have been trying to find the object of this earnest, determined search.

How do we know there is a God? First of all by the necessity for him in the created universe. An ancient king was walking through his royal estate one day with his counselor and chosen adviser, and as they were talking about the wonders of the world in which they lived, the king said to his counselor, "I would be willing to give you my kingdom if you could prove to me the existence of God." The counselor turned away from him a moment, then turned back

and handed him four acorns and told him to plant those, and then to look into the mirror of the beautiful spring by the pathway. The king planted the acorns, turned around to the mirroring spring, looked into it, and then turned away from it, and beheld, by the side of the road where he had planted the acorns, four giant oaks, and he said, "This is a miracle." "Ah no," said the counselor. "How long have you been looking in the spring?" He said, "Only a second." The counselor said, "No, sire, you have been looking in the spring eighty years." He turned and looked back into the spring, and saw that his garments were tattered and torn and worn and his face was wrinkled and furrowed, and age had struck him, and he said, "Then it is not a miracle." "Ah," said the counselor, "it makes no difference whether it is one second or eighty years, it is a miracle." No difference whether the acorn takes eighty years or takes one second to grow, the miracle mark rests upon the mighty oak.

The necessity for God is here, always here, and for the thinking man this necessity cannot be silenced. Its demands are relentless. One of Paley's great arguments for the existence of God was the watch, which he described and

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made very vivid, and made it appear impossible to thinking men that a watch with its dial and its hands and its wheels and its pivots and its jewels, with its spring and its wonderful machinery designed for the purpose of telling time, should drop into existence by chance. Back of that marvelous machinery Paley declared, with every reasonable man, was a mind that made the watch.

Then he went on comparing it to the created universe, and the same arguments held there, only on a higher level. Now evolution came in and said: "Well, suppose that watch did not come out just as it is now. Suppose there was another watch of less value preceding that one, and another watch of still less value preceding that one, and another of less value still preceding that one, and another of less and less value back until you had only the barrel left, then where would your argument come in?"

There may be more necessity for a God if only the barrel of a watch existed first. If you had only the barrel there instead of the wheels and pivots and spring and jewels, there must have been a mind back of it all that made the barrel with this marvelous possibility in it. You can go back just as far as you please, and take

the tiniest elements of a watch, and say that the structure was made by an evolving process through the years, and yet it does not mean what you think it means. It means that the modern way of thinking has increased the necessity for God. If it evolves from a tiny factor or a small element, all that comes out of it must have been there before it ever was developed. It does not make any difference whether it takes centuries to do it, or years to do it, or days to do it. God was the necessity back of the doing of it, nevertheless, and the modern method of thinking has never taken God out of the universe. It has made the necessity all the greater. The trouble is that men do not stop long enough to think things through, and they pass judgment on the surface instead of delving down into the depths.

I met a friend of mine recently who lived in the South nearly all his life. He was president of a Southern university for fifteen years. He said they used to have an old colored man work for them during those fifteen years. He was as black as midnight and his curly hair was snow white. He said one day out in the backyard he was doing some work for his wife. Suddenly he stopped and looked very serious,



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and said: "Missy, dare's some of these darkies 'round here dat's been tellin' me dat you can get chickens without a hen, an' I would like to know about that. I wish you would tell me if dat's so." "Oh, yes," she said, "Mose, that's true. With what they call an incubator you can get one hundred, or three hundred, or five hundred chickens all at once." He scratched his old head a moment and then he said, "Missy, allus likes to believe you, but before God I don't believe that."

Mysterious as that may seem, it is nevertheless true; and as mysterious as other things may seem to be, they are nevertheless true, and we are compelled to face the facts and believe them. Then we are to use our reasoning power and go back of the facts, and see what is the cause that produces this wonderful effect.

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." If some day you could take a ray of sunlight that crept through the blinds into your room, and you had the ability to put that under a spectroscope, you would make a discovery that science is perfectly familiar with. It would dissolve and separate itself into its vari-

ous colors. Then by that spectroscope science would begin to work its way back to the source in the great central sun, and then tell us exactly what is the composition of the colors that are in the sun that warms and lights this world. They say, "Here is an orange light, and pine wood gives an orange light. Here is a blue light, and coal gives a blue light. Here is indigo, and coconut shells give an indigo light. Here is iron, and when iron burns it gives a white light." So they show in this single ray of sunlight all these different lights, and we know that these are the very elements chemically that exist in the great central sun from which the ray comes to our earth. Science walks up that ray of sunlight like a golden stairway into the very heart of the sun in the heavens and knows just what is there.

The greatest of all God's creation must be explained first of all. Man was made in the image and likeness of God. So I can find God by looking into my own human nature. Man is the kingliest of all God's creatures and the highest of all his creation. I find truth in man, goodness in man, honesty in man, love in man, benevolence in man. I find the great qualities that go to make up the moral character of a man,

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and I say these are the rays of light that come into a life from the great central source of moral life, and I know what is in God by what I find in man, and I can only explain the effect here by the cause yonder. I must believe in the personality of a God who created the personality of a man. I think, I know I think. I am a thinking creature. I am a personality. I know my personality. I know then that a thinking personality must have originated with God. I am an intelligent, self-conscious being with a will. Where did this originate? I am the effect. Reason demands a similar and adequate cause to produce it.

Michelangelo was stricken with blindness. The great artist was shut out from the light of day and lived in a dark world, but he declared it was the happiest part of his life, and he was always thanking God for his sightless eyes, for he said he discovered more without them than he had with them. He got into the great secret of the soul's life. One day in their excavations in another part of the Roman Empire men came across some pieces of statuary which the experts believed were the remnants of some work of great artists of the Grecian age of art. They did not know, and they could not come to any

decision. At last they placed those pieces of art in a room, and the pope sent for Angelo. The blind old artist came into the room, and laid his hand on that cold piece of marble. He felt the curves of the eyebrow, then of the distended nostril, then the lips and chin, then down the graceful curves of the neck and shoulders. A smile crept over his face, and he whispered: "It is from the hand of a master. Phidias must have made it." They did not know whether Angelo was right or not but the blind old artist found something that came from the marble into his life, something that some man had put into that marble, and it must have come from a great genius. As the years passed by no interrogation was placed on the decision of the great Angelo. He fingered the marble and said, "It is the hand of a master." That which has been put in by a master was discovered by the other master.

Sometimes when I look even at the scarred and marked specimens of my fellow men I declare I can see the image of God—something that demands his handiwork and master art in the making. This is a wonderful world in which we live! With open eyes we ought to walk, with thinking mind we ought to pause, with uplifted

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reverent, worshipful spirit we ought always to stand.

The geologist finds One—whose presence makes the mountains to tremble. (Ps. 114: 6.)

Whose touch causes them to smoke. (Ps. 144: 5.)

Whose voice calms the waves of the sea. (Mark 4: 39.)

The astronomer finds One who knows the number of the stars and calls them all by name. (Ps. 147: 4.)

The zoologist finds One who calls all the beasts, creeping things, and flying fowl to praise him. (Ps. 148: 10.)

The botanist finds One purer than the lilies. (Song of Solomon 2: 2.)

The embryologist finds One who sees our substance yet being imperfect. (Ps. 139: 16.)

The anatomist finds One who knows our frame. (Ps. 103: 14.)

The physician finds One who heals all our diseases. (Ps. 103: 3.)

The chemist finds One whose blood makes the blackest sin whiter than snow. (Isa. 1: 18.)

The physicist finds One who conserves all matter. (Eccl. 3: 14.)



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- The orthopedist finds One who makes the lame walk. (Matt. 15: 31.)
- The optician finds One who makes the blind see. (Luke 7 : 22.)
- The psychologist finds One who knows all man's thoughts. (Luke 6: 8.)
- The economist finds One who sees that when goods are increased they are increased that eat them. (Eccl. 5: 11.)
- The physiologist finds One who gives men strength in their old age. (Ps. 92: 14.)
- The artist finds One who sets his bow in the clouds. (Gen. 9: 13.)
- The aeronaut finds One who makes the clouds his chariot and who rides upon the wings of the wind. (Ps. 104: 3.)
- The wireless telegraphist finds One who takes the wings of the morning and bears his messages to the uttermost parts of the sea. (Ps. 139: 9.)
- The electrician finds One who uses the lightning as his messenger. (Job 38: 15.)
- The meteorologist finds One who has gathered the wind in his fists. (Prov. 30: 4.)
- The agriculturist finds One who causes grass to grow for the cattle and the herb for the use of man. (Ps. 104: 14.)

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And can there be any who doubt there is a god  
And life eternal! When the river flows,  
Deny the fountain-head who will; the wave  
That, curling, murmurs farthest from its source,  
That source attests. Show me some well-wrought work  
Of matter or of mind; though you produce  
No author, I conclude that such there was,  
Or this had never been, and given him praise.  
And why should sense demur? When the poor slave,  
Doom'd by some tyrant's hard decree to starve,  
Wakes in his dungeon on his rocky bed,  
From sleep, then wildly casts his eyes around,  
As if in search of death, let him espy  
In osier frame sweet herbage of the field  
To greet his famished lip, and from the spring,  
In earthen jar, the lucid draught to cheer  
His parching tongue; will he not straight exclaim  
That some kind hand hath op'ed his prison door,  
And brought this bounty? Will he not invoke  
A blessing on the donor as he tastes,  
And feels the temperate tide of health return  
To cool the heated vessels of his heart  
And pacify the fever in his brain?  
Tell him 'twas chance—but no; you could not thus  
Abuse his ear, nor would his swelling soul  
In presence of the angel Gratitude.

Lord Kelvin, walking across the campus at Oxford in the companionship of the world's greatest biologist, suddenly turned to him and said, "Do you believe that yonder flower-bed

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came there by chance?" He instantly replied, "No more than I believe the last book on botany came into existence by chance." Another of the world's greatest biologists, discussing the question of origins, has recently said:

I have been unable to discover or frame any hypothesis which could be defined as a reasonable explanation of the fact of any kind of living matter without admitting the influence of an infinite power and wisdom. There is no particle of living matter of any kind which can be explained except on the theory that it depends upon God. All life then can only be reasonably accounted for by attributing it to a vital power sustained and regulated from the beginning by a living God. The infinite, divine, directing, sustaining power of the eternal living God must be acknowledged in every kind of living matter and in every period of life.

The world is a flower garden, and a harvest field, and a loaded orchard, and a forest covering the hillsides with its emerald beauty; and only God could make such a world. I know there is a God because of the necessity for him in the created universe. I live in a world that my Father made. That is the only answer for the rational man. Only "the fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." Intelligent man knows better.

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A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot.  
Fringed pool; rose plot—  
The veriest school  
Of peace; and yet the fool  
Contends that God is not.  
Not God in gardens when the eve is cool?  
Aye, but I have a sign,  
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

I know there is a God also because of the necessity for him, yes the persistent demand for him in human history. They have in the famous Altman collection a wonderful piece of tapestry. That part of the world's art has never had anything just like it, they say. It is unique and alone, a fragment only of tapestry, and yet the colors are most wonderful. The threads are woven so miraculously together. Everything about it makes it like a ruby for beauty and wonder. It is priceless in its value, and the critics have thought that it had been cut out some time from a great piece of tapestry in a king's palace by some bandit who could not carry the whole thing away but took a piece, as they did with a great porcelain vase—smashed it to pieces in order to get a fragment to carry away. You know it does not make any difference about the length of the threads or the

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variety of the colors. The short threads are as necessary as the long threads. It may have been a short thread but a beautiful one and necessary for God's tapestry. The Weaver was busy, and in that tapestry are the perfect colors, the long threads and the short threads, and the pattern will be woven to perfection. But he takes old life and young life, high and low, all classes, all kinds, all conditions, and he is weaving them together in a marvelous piece of tapestry that we call human history. A jewel in the universe of God for beauty is the history that God has made.

More than fifty years ago a memorable dinner was held in London. The leaders of contemporary English thought were there. There were no set addresses. There was no topic assigned. Dean Stanley was asked to preside, and he proposed for discussion this question, "Who will dominate the future?" Professor Huxley spoke first. After preliminary skirmishing he gave this as his opinion, "The future will be dominated by the nation which sticks most closely to the facts." He left his audience profoundly affected by the dominance of physical science and the material data furnished by it. After a moment of silence the Dean called upon Edward



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Miall, member of Parliament, and president of the Royal Commission on Education. "I have," said Mr. Miall, "been listening to the last speaker with profound interest, and agree with him that the future will be dominated by the nation which sticks most closely to the facts; but I want to add one word. ALL the facts! The greatest fact in history is God!"

Some people have said that history is a museum in which are gathered all the relics and all the memories, all the undertakings and all the failures of civilization. I do not like that. Somebody else has said that history is a granary in which are gathered all the riches and valuable things of the world. I do not care for that either. I like better to say that history is a magnificent piece of tapestry, and the great Weaver is behind the loom. He has the pattern; he is working it out perfectly and he needs black threads and red threads and white threads, short threads and long threads. God has the pattern. Some day when you see the right side of it you will stand amazed at what is taking place.

There are two kinds of history. One is called narrative history, and that is a simple and separated thing. It tells us about events and details and kings being taken off their thrones, wars

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and battle-fields and other events of that kind. Then there is philosophical history which tells a better story. It takes longer to write, takes deeper thinking, and has a deeper meaning. It unites all these things together and makes of them what God planned there should be. Narrative history is like the pieces of glass or bits of jewels that are thrown out and scattered in a heap by themselves. Philosophical history is that which unites all those bits of glass one to the other and makes a magnificent mosaic out of them.

Do not let any book agent sell you a history of the Great War yet. You will throw your money away. The history is going to be written though. We do not want to be too hasty and perhaps by our interrogations interfere with things with which we ought not to interfere, or keep asking questions that we ought not to ask. It is not for us to understand everything, but we ought to have our eyes open. I do not know why God made some things flat and some crooked and some round. It is none of my business, but I can see if I look carefully that there is a pattern arranged, and the great Weaver is at work, and he is putting all the events and all the details into that pattern; and some day when the

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kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ it will be the most marvelous piece of work men or angels ever looked at.

How the thrones have tottered and tumbled! How kings have been thrown out of business! How the world's map has been changed! How God's justice has been made to reign in this world! How things have happened in these last years as in no other years in history! No man ever dreamed the possibility of it.

The men who stood for right and walked the pathway of heroism and righteousness are the men whom the world delights to honor and whom God is waiting to crown. It has always worked out that way and never failed once. God is making history, and history demands a God back of it. Through the ages one unceasing purpose runs. As far as the created universe is concerned, or human history is concerned, there is a constant, persistent, reasonable demand for God.

We know there is a God not only for this great reason set forth by scientists and philosophers and men at their best everywhere in human history, but we know there is a God because of the deathless passion for him in the

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human soul. This is man at his best. This is man most Godlike when he says, "As the hart panteth for the water brooks, so panteth my soul for thee, oh God." He was made for God, made to be like God, made to be with God, made to be a child of God. He never can be satisfied, never know himself at home, until he knows God and returns to his love.

"God lives, I say, God lives today."

"O soul, how hast thou known?"

"'Tis hummed by every bursting bush

'Tis whispered by the leaves,

'Tis painted in the roseate flush

The sunset sky receives."

"God loves, I say, God loves for aye."

"O soul, how durst thou hope?"

"'Tis thrilled through every mother's kiss,

Through homes that love can share,

Through hands that work love's ministries,

Through hearts that dream and dare."

"God rules, I say, God rules away."

"O soul, how canst thou tell?"

"'Tis written clear in human lives,

On history's printed page,

The false succumbs, the true survives,

And spreads from age to age."

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When men went out on journeys across the desert and a storm came up they were often lost. Along the pathway they would see the bones of those who had been there before. The desert storm had turned them from the right direction. The sand blinded their eyes, and they were lost. Travelers always took doves with them. When the storm was over they would release a dove, and it would circle high up in the air where it could catch a vision away off yonder of a palm tree and sparkling water, and the caravan would follow the dove. Then they discovered that oftentimes they could not go as fast as the dove, and they were lost again. Many of the great caravans always carried with them a deer, and when they were lost in the desert, what the eyes of the dove had been to the dove, now the scent of the deer was to the deer, and he went on that holy mission and always found the oasis, and when they followed they came to safety and life. As the deer on the desert pants for the water brooks, so panteth my soul for thee, oh God.

One of the most pathetic pictures ever drawn in history is of King Oedipus and the beautiful Antigone. Oedipus through his own transgression lost his eyes and became sightless in his old

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age. Then he stumbled on the palace floor and struck his head and became both deaf and dumb. There he was blind and deaf and dumb, imprisoned within those walls over which he could never scale and through which he could never go. No one could comfort him. He could not see or hear or speak, and the agony of the beautiful Antigone was intense. How she tried to have him know that she loved him and that it was she! She tried by every possible means to penetrate that darkness with her love, and Oedipus never could answer back. She sat by the palace fountain with his head in her lap, rubbing his brow and tenderly, lovingly tried to get inside of his soul and let him know that it was she and that she loved him. Wherever he went, she was. If he had taken the wings of the morning and flown to the uttermost part of the earth she would have been found there. She gave her life and tried her best to get at his heart and let him know that she loved him.

That is true of human life. You are blind and deaf and dumb, and God through the years has been trying to penetrate that darkness, and through those thick walls of your opposition and blindness to find your heart and tell you that he loves you. You have put up the barriers,



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you will not listen to him, you cannot see and you will not speak, and God is trying his best to tell you that he loves you and answer the cry of your heart.

Edward Irving once went to see a dying boy in the hospital. He entered the room and lovingly put his hand on the sufferer's head, saying, "My boy, God loves you," and went away. The boy aroused and called out to those about him, "God loves me! God loves me!" This seemed to bring him back to life, melted him down, overjoyed him, and changed his heart. It gave him a new heart, a new life, and eternal life. This is the most wonderful news and touch of human life—"God loves you!" But this revelation comes emphatically and only through Christ who reveals the heart of God to humanity. This was his holy mission. What he was while here on earth God always is, for he represented God and declared that "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." All other revelation concerning God is secondary to this. This is the climax of it all, and the certainty of it all, and is the sufficient answer to the soul's desire. Matter reveals a presence, history a providence, and philosophy a purpose in the world; but Jesus Christ alone reveals a Father. This is the ob-

jective of the soul's greatest search. The truth that is the heart of Christianity is that man is not so much seeking for God as God is seeking for man.

I know a father who stood by the open grave. They had to drag him away, for there clutched at his garments three little children, and men had lowered that casket down into the deep grave that held his darling wife and their mother. The little ones clung to his garments, and men could scarcely by any means drag him away from that grave. When he did go away with those three little children to that silent home his heart almost burst through its prison bars, and he thought he would die the first night. The oldest one of the children said: "Where is my mother? I want my mamma." He said he tried every sort of an evasion, tried to answer and comfort them. Then the other two younger ones took up the same cry. Night was gathering on, and it became worse, and they wanted their mother. Their hearts could not be satisfied or quieted. He said: "I will be your mother. I will take care of you. I will love you." The little girl said, "No, no, no, I want my mamma." Then he sent for a motherly beautiful neighbor to come in and put the children to bed. She

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came and put her arms around them and kissed them and said, "I will tuck you in and take care of you." He said that every one of them burst out crying and said, "No, I want my mother, I want my mother." And under the covers that night, that awful night, they sobbed themselves to sleep, each one of them crying for mother. There was no one who could satisfy them except their mother.

There is no shadow of a possibility anywhere in the universe for you to find satisfaction for your hungry, thirsty soul except in God. You are dissatisfied and discontented. You are restless and hopeless. You are in the dark. Only the God of infinite and eternal love, the God who loves you with an everlasting love, can answer this deathless cry of the human soul.

### II

#### HOW DO WE KNOW THE BIBLE IS THE WORD OF GOD?

LORD BACON, man of gigantic intellect and wonderful philosophy, lifted the Bible one day above his head and said, "There God speaks." Written all over the pages of this book are these expressions: "Thus saith the Lord," "And God said," "The word of the Lord came," "The Lord spake," "The word of God," "God said," "The Lord commanded." Phrases like these are found seven hundred times in the Pentateuch alone. These expressions are used about four thousand times in the entire book, thus stamping indelibly the divine mark on almost every page. The book declares for itself that "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God" and inspiration means "breathed into." Then God breathed his thoughts into this book. It contains the breath of his life. The book lives, it is "God-breathed." It is the only book in the world which has this said about it or could have this said about it. God used human agency in the

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making of it, but he guided that human agency, and inspired the book both in its production and in its preservation. He herein reveals himself, and his will to men. It is not truth to declare that it contains the word of God. It is the word of God. It is all the word of God. Every part of it is part of that word. Not every part is as important as other parts, but it is important in its place and its relation to the whole. Every small fragment of the mosaic makes up the perfection of the picture or completes it. So Jonah and Esther and every chapter and verse and line and letter has its special place.

The Scriptures which are said to be "God-breathed" are the Old Testament Scriptures, and Christ emphatically placed his seal upon them. He quoted from almost every book. He gave Moses the credit for writing the Pentateuch, and made quotations from Genesis and Exodus and Leviticus and Numbers and Deuteronomy. The last one of these was the source of his inspiration in the crisis of his life, in the wilderness temptation. He used for his defense three verses of Scripture, and all three came from that much criticized book of Deuteronomy. He quoted from the prophets and the Psalms and Jonah and Daniel and never seemed to ques-

tion the authority or the divine mark that rested on any one of them. The New Testament quotes from the Old Testament three hundred and twenty times and alludes to it as many more. The New Testament Scriptures were under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit promised to the disciples for this very important task, thus making it a supernatural book which could only come from God. Sir William Dawson said:

The longer I study the New Testament, the more convinced I become of its absolute truthworthiness and also of the care and the faithful study which ought to be given to the reading of it. The books of which it is composed are so wonderfully true to the surroundings and the life and spirit of the time. We who live far away in a different age, accustomed to a different spirit and different way of looking at life, thinking and speaking of the world differently, find it hard to realize the full meaning of the words. The disciples who had been with Jesus often perceived in later life that they had not rightly understood what he said to them, yet they learned from those words the way of life. The Christian religion is not founded on a falsehood nor a misapprehension of facts nor on legend nor on half-forgotten and exaggerated tales. Christianity is the religion of truth; it is founded on truth, absolute and perfect truth.

*The Bible bears God's unmistakable stamp upon every page.* It unquestionably claims to be



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his word. How can that claim be substantiated? First of all, because it says things no other book can say. It says things about that which occurred in the eternal counsels of the universe. It says things about what occurred before the foundation of the world, and only God could tell mankind about these things. It tells about the creation of the world and gives it in detail, and only God can tell men how this world was created, and science has never permanently found error in the statements concerning the creation, but scientists have contradicted themselves so frequently that we must wait patiently for verification of their discoveries. With all new knowledge and scientific discovery and determined criticism the creation story still stands as the most condensed, wonderful outline of the divine method of creation. This makes thinking men pause and wonder where Moses received his amazing information. It is beyond the human, therefore, it must be divine. The greatest sentence that ever found its way into human language is the first sentence on the Scripture page, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

*This book gives us principles, the ideals and ethical standards of life, and the philosophy of*

*life that only God can give to mankind.* All man's philosophy is secondary to it. Some of it, a large part of it, has been borrowed from these pages. This book gives us the highest principles of life that man ever knew, gives us the holiest ideals that man has ever discovered, and places the ethical standards mountain high above all the ethics of all the books and all the sacred writings of the world.

More than that is true. This book tells us about things that were to occur thousands of years in the future, and only God can look into the future and tell man what is going to occur. Where did Isaiah get his information? Where did Micah and Jeremiah and Hosea and all the rest of the prophets get their information concerning things thousands of years ahead, and every one of them coming to pass in detail? Throughout the centuries men have made attempts at prophecy. They have made guesses, and then made themselves appear like fools before their fellows. Occasionally some man would make a guess, and it would come out fairly well, but the Bible has on its pages prophecies written many years before the events were to occur. Some of them have come true, and we may reasonably believe that those waiting for fulfil-

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ment are destined to be fulfilled. Only God could look into the future and tell man just what is to happen. If there was no other argument than the argument of prophecy, that is sufficient. It is irrefutable.

Then *this book is filled with promises that only God could make*, and no other book could have them on its pages. Every one of them has been literally fulfilled when the conditions have been met by man. The promises of God by the thousand placed in this divine jewel-casket have all been kept and are just as sure as the law of gravity. This is the Book that says things no other book can say, and that makes it a lamp unto man's feet and a light across his dark pathway to lead him on to his eternal home.

An expressman was one day noticed having in his charge a dog, and a poor specimen of a dog at that. Some one said, "Where is he going?" The expressman said, "I don't know, nobody don't know, he don't know, and he has gone and chawed up his tag." If a man does not know his destination or his direction he is in a tragic condition. He is lost in the wilderness and in the night with no light and no trail and no guide. This is the Book that is the guide for a man, gives him his direction, and takes him

safely through the journey of life, never failing even in the darkest hour.

I know a father and his boy who started to make a journey through a strange country, and when night was drawing on they were still a long way from their destination. The father stopped by the roadway and borrowed a lantern. The boy laughed at him and said: "We don't need any lantern. We can find our way all right. It isn't dark yet anyway, and you will look strange carrying a lantern in the daytime." The father said, "My boy, we had better be safe and have the lantern with us." They walked on, and night fell upon them just as they came to the edge of a dark, thick wood. They entered the wood, and had only gone a short distance when they came to a fork in the road. One path had been trodden more than the other and the boy immediately said, "This is the way to go." The father said, "Wait a minute." The boy replied: "Everybody goes this way. No one goes the other way. This is the way to go." The father said, "Let us see if we cannot find a signboard." He lifted the lantern up and read the signboard and said, "My boy, come here," and took him down the pathway safely through the dark woodland to their home.

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That boy lived his early life on earth in the atmosphere of skepticism. Afterwards he found his way through the Bible to God, then declared: "My father that night going through the wood taught me the greatest lesson of my life, and it has saved me from wreckage here and hereafter; for whenever I get in the dark I remember to hold the lantern up and read the signboard, and to be sure I go in the right direction; and by the grace of God I have never failed, because I had the lantern with me, and God gave me the safe pathway."

When John Wanamaker was Postmaster General of the United States he made an address before a large company of business men. In that address he said: "I have for the government, and in my own personal business, made contracts involving millions of dollars. I have signed checks for millions of dollars, but the greatest purchase I ever made in my life was when eleven years old. I saved every penny of my hard-earned money and bought a Bible that cost \$2.75. That was my best investment and has had most to do with the rest of the riches of my life. Every other investment I have ever made holds a secondary place to that first and greatest one of them all." Every man manifests his best wisdom

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when he makes this investment and takes the Bible for his guide through life.

The Bible is also the word of God because *it endures things that no other book can endure.*

Last eve I passed beside a blacksmith's door,  
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;  
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor  
Old hammers, worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,  
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"  
"Just one!" said he; then, with a twinkling eye,  
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, thought I, the anvil of God's Word,  
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;  
Yet, though the noise of falling blows was heard,  
The anvil is unharmed—the hammers gone.

I have seen a storm on the ocean, rolling in mountainous waves, raging in their madness toward the shore-line, tearing up the sandy beach. Then I have seen it tear up into bits of wreckage something that man had built. In its madness it seemed determined to break through the barriers of the shore and at last to destroy everything in its pathway. I have seen that storm-tossed sea in its madness quiet down and skulk away like an enraged lion after he had



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had all he wanted, and lie down once more in peace and quiet. Then I saw along that shoreline a huge rock over which that raging sea had tossed itself again and again, seemingly determined to destroy that rock and carry it beneath the sea in its madness. When the storm was over that magnificent granite boulder was there just the same as it was before the storm began. Not a shadow of change had come over the rock. I have seen the storms of centuries sweep down over this Eternal Rock of God and while man's structures have gone down, this Rock of God's Truth stands yet absolutely safe and secure.

A storm sweeps the mountainside, as if determined with its lightning flashes to tear the heart out of the mountain. A man, a frightened traveler, crawls into a cave in the rocks on the side of the mountain and almost forgets that there is a storm on the outside. When the storm has done its worst and the world is quiet once more, the mountain towers up into God's sky keeping company with the clouds; the eternal granite has not been moved a hair's-breadth. So the storms of the years sweep the mountainside of God's everlasting truth, and it stands absolutely secure. The frightened traveler

crawls into the shelter of the rock, and the storm never touches him.

There has never been a sample given in all human history of the determination of wicked men, Satanic men, to destroy, like the determination of men to destroy this book. The greatest intellects have been at it through the years. Enemies outside of the church and worse enemies inside have been at it, and in these recent years more than ever, but the old Book is deeper in the life of the human heart than it ever was before, and deeper in the heart of human society and the world's civilization than it ever was before. That Book is scattered everywhere around the world and doing its work. It is sent out from the printing-presses by the millions every year. A popular author of fiction has had 9,000,000 copies of his books published in eight years. Two hundred and forty million copies of the Bible have been sold in the same eight years. Another publisher boasts of one book printed in twenty-three languages, but this Book is published in seven hundred and seventy different languages and dialects. The Book was carried by the soldiers on the battle-fields through the war and did more than we dream for the victory. The assaults of the centuries

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have left the Rock standing secure. Only God in the book has saved it from destruction.

This great World War that swept a tidal wave of millions of men into eternity, and covered a large part of the world with blood, is not finished yet. Never in all its history was this world shaken as it was shaken then. One of the causes of the awful conflict with its carnage and barbarism and destruction was Germany's relation to the Bible beginning more than fifty years ago in her schools of learning, in all her relations to it, until that poison of her determination to destroy this Book and make it only human went into the veins and arteries of the whole world's life. Germany's relation to it and the rest of the world's relation to it almost caused the complete wreckage of civilization. Germany is reaping her reward, and the rest of the world that swallowed that poison is suffering also, and it is all because of man's wicked relation to God's revelation.

Martin Luther saved Germany once in a crisis by giving her the Bible. Then she was a traitor to her holy trust, and she tried to destroy the Bible, and in the destruction of it she destroyed herself. Do not mistake. It is a great truth for us to remember that this Book, the word of

God, cannot be trifled with, and when men attempt to destroy it they destroy themselves. They cannot take it out of human life and the human heart. It endures, and it will always stand the test.

A real American, a kingly citizen of national reputation, had a son whom he idolized, and that noble specimen of young manhood was drafted into the service of his country and at last wore his badges of heroism in the air service. He came back at the close of the war and was stationed on Cape Cod. Boston had a celebration in which he was ordered to fly over the city when the wind was blowing a hurricane. He accomplished this almost impossible feat and then was ordered back over the storm-tossed Atlantic. It seemed inevitable death, but obedience was demanded. He and his companion were never heard from. The sea holds them and the secret until this day. When my friend, his father, received that sad message he took the first and fastest train to Boston, and on the Cape he wandered up and down the shore-line hour after hour, all night, day after day. They could not get him away from it. He was on his knees in the sand, and it seemed as if he must have John back or he would die. Then

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he asked God that some token of sweet memory come back to the shore-line from his boy, and almost immediately, near where he was, he picked up the oilcloth coat of his boy. He went into that waterproof pocket and he found two things, only two. One was the gold watch that he had given him, and the other was a Bible that his mother had given him the day she died. I saw him on the platform in a Western city lift that Bible of John's above his head, and he said: "When I saw it I said with Jacob, This is his coat, the cruel beast of the sea has devoured him. My comfort and strength is in that book and there is not money enough in the world to buy it." The sea might have destroyed the book, but it never could have taken it out of the human heart. John had it, and his father had it. The Bible endured. It stands what no other book stands. It must be the word of God.

We've traveled together, my Bible and I,  
Through all kinds of weather, with smile or with sigh;  
In sorrow or sunshine, in tempest or calm,  
Thy friendship unchanging; my lamp and my psalm.

We've traveled together, my Bible and I,  
When life has grown weary, and death e'en was nigh;  
But all through the darkest of mist and of wrong,  
I found thee a solace, a prayer, and a song.

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So now, who shall part us, my Bible and I?  
Shall ism, or schism, or new lights who shall try?  
Shall shadow for substance, or stone for good bread  
Supplant its sound wisdom, give folly instead?

Ah, no, my dear Bible, Revealer of Light;  
Thou Sword of the Spirit, put error to flight,  
And still through life's journey, until the last sigh,  
We'll travel together, my Bible and I.

It says things no other book can say, and it endures things no other book can endure. *It does things that no other book can do.*

I held a seed in my hand. My knowledge about the wonders of this world would immediately reveal this fact to me that within the small compass of that seed-shell there lies a thousand seeds, a million seeds, a harvest-field of waving grain, and harvest-fields of centuries. I know by experience and knowledge as well that within the compass of the seeds of God's eternal truth there rests the miraculous power of transforming a world, of changing a desert into a garden, of turning a prairie into a great waving harvest-field. The power in the seeds of God's truth can change the world. No other book could do that. This book says, "Like as the rain cometh down from the heavens, and watereth the earth, and maketh it to bring forth



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bud and blossom, so shall my word be." It will never return void, and it never has. A raindrop coming down from heaven to this earth finds its way into the flower's beauty, finds its way into the green grass, finds its way into the wheat-fields, finds its way into the orchard, and helps to make the riches of the natural world, and never goes back to heaven void. And God says: "My word is just like the raindrop. It goes into life and never fails." This book finds a man where he lives. It finds him in his deepest need. This book is the only book that was ever brought into human life that can save the immortal soul. It is the only book that has a record in it of the program to save men from sin and to give them eternal life. Only God can speak words like that, these great words that accomplish the miraculous.

Heathen lands have been revolutionized where that book has gone, and no missionary had ever been there, no white man had ever been there, just the book. I know of instances where only one leaf out of that book found its way into the center of heathenism and into a heathen man's heart, regenerated it and changed a whole community. Just a page out of the book! You could travel around this world as I have traveled

around it, and you would find that you could draw a line everywhere the Bible had gone, where it was always the revolutionizing factor. Atheists scores of times have refused to live in a community where there was no Bible and where the church spires did not pierce the clouds. It changes things, it does things, it works the miraculous, it saves men and saves society, God's seed of eternal truth.

A Chinaman was employed by one of our missionary societies to help translate the Scriptures. He was educated to a high level of ability. He worked away and succeeded wonderfully. Day after day he worked like a machine on the translation, and the bishop, under whom he was working, says that one day with that Bible open at the New Testament pages, the Chinaman jumped up in the room, and he said: "The One who made that book made me, for it tells me things about myself that no one else knows, and some things that I did not even know, and things that only God can know. The One who made that book made me, and the One who made me made the book."

He made a wonderful discovery. It finds a man just where he lives and is able to transform and change his whole life. God must have made

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the Bible because it does things that no other book can do.

Herein is also a great secret. The Bible refuses to be considered as literature. It makes demands on life, strenuous and irresistible demands. It is a moral dynamic. It is a supreme spiritual power. It reveals God to man and man to himself and his moral and spiritual relations. The man who does not obey its precepts or will not obey them, can never understand this book and always rejects it as the word of God. It is a suggestive fact that no worker in a rescue mission, or in the heart of heathenism, or any other place, giving his life to serve his fellow men ever had a doubt about the Bible being the word of God. It always works and proves itself in its practical results. It verifies all its claims in the hearts of men and its miracle-working power in human life. The truth in the Bible is unique and every part related to every other part by an unmistakable unity and an easily recognized and necessary progressiveness, and when any man submits himself to the Spirit in the book and its demands upon him, he never fails to find his way to God and eternal life in Christ.

There are thousands of mothers who have

given the Bible to their daughters, and it has been their guide through earthly life and saved them from wreckage and sin. Many a father has given his boy the Bible as his best blessing, and that book has been the anchor that saved the boy from ruin and kept him in the harbor of safety. Many a soldier on the battle-field went up out of the trenches and went across No Man's Land because he had just been reading the Bible and got his inspiration and courage and was willing to die if necessary because he had been poring over the pages of that book. Many a man in the throes of temptation has remembered the method of his Saviour and begun to quote Scripture to the devil, and the Bible saved him. On the hospital cot men have taken the Bible, pressed it to their lips and kissed it as they lay there in their pain and agony. God's promises can keep a man and give him new life and give him courage when the darkness gathers around him to pass over the river into the other world. Many of the heart-broken have buried their faces within the covers of that book and found life's sweetest comfort, and have been able to go on and live their lives. Millions have read it in tears, and the tears were banished; millions have read it in pain, and the pain dis-

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appeared; millions have read it underneath heavy burdens, and the burdens have lifted; millions have read it with life's problems, and the problems have been solved; millions have read it in the hour of temptation, and come out victorious; millions have read it in the darkness, and a flood of light was on the pathway; millions have read it under the clouds, and immediately the sun burst through; millions have come to the last moment of life, and with its sweet message have found comfort and peace. The man in perfect health and with an abundance of this world's goods and friends to greet him, does not have the page fall open for him as for the broken-hearted or suffering or lonely soul. For these it always brings a message direct from the heart of God.

One of Scotland's greatest preachers was Murray M'Cheyne. He died at twenty-nine years of age. Everywhere his foot stepped Scotland shook. Whenever he opened his mouth there was an electric force sweeping in every direction. Wherever he entered there was a magnetic personality that drew everybody toward him. He lived a wonderful life, and hundreds and thousands of people followed him into the kingdom of God. A traveler anxious to

see where M'Cheyne had preached, went to the Scotch town and found the church. He told the old sexton he had come a long way and wanted to see where M'Cheyne preached. The sexton said, "Come on," and that old gray-haired Scotchman lead the way into M'Cheyne's study. He said, "Sit down in that chair." The traveler hesitated a moment and then sat down. On the table in front of him was an open Bible. "Drop your head in the book and weep. That is the way our minister always did before he preached." Then he said, "Come with me." He took him up into the Scotch pulpit before the open Bible. "Now," he said, "stand there and drop your head in your hands over the book and begin to weep. That is the way our minister always did before he preached." This should be our reverent, loving, believing relation to the Bible. This would give the one channel for its mighty power to regenerate the hearts of men and revolutionize the world. The Bible is the word of God. It proves itself, and we can prove it. Here God speaks.



## That Jesus Is the Son of God?

### III

#### HOW DO WE KNOW THAT JESUS IS THE SON OF GOD?

IF we answer this interrogation most others are immediately rubbed out. This is the heart from which radiate all the veins and arteries of the Christian faith. This is the center around which circles all religious truth, all spiritual reality, all hope for humanity, and eternal life itself. Everything in time and eternity depends upon the right answer to this question. It is the supreme and essential claim of Christianity. Can this claim be substantiated? Christ made it for himself, and men crucified him for this reason. His disciples followed him with the same unquestioned claim, and they also followed him in death because of it. Then the whole Christian church throughout all the centuries has almost universally held to this same great fact, and from that day until this has been built on this everlasting rock of the deity of Christ. If this is shaken the whole superstructure totters and falls. He who came by the mysterious way

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of the manger cradle into human life, said what no human being could say or ever did say or ever startled his fellow men by daring to say. He said these amazing things about himself which only God could say:

I am the Light.

I am the Way.

I am the Truth.

I am the Vine.

I am the Life.

Ask in my name.

I will rise from the dead.

Eat my body and drink my blood.

Keep my commandments.

I am the Resurrection.

I am from above.

I am the Light of the World.

I came down from heaven.

Before Abraham was, I am.

All power is given me in heaven and in earth.

I am greater than the temple.

A greater than Solomon is here.

I am the Lord of the Sabbath.

He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.

You call me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.

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Hereafter you shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven.

This is my blood of the new covenant which is shed for many for the remission of sin.

I will raise you up at the last day.

Lo, I am with you all the days even unto the end of the age.

The Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, and then shall he reward every man according to his works.

Those claims are staggering, and any other man in all human history who ventured to make such claims as those before his fellow men would have shocked them. They would have said he was either a blasphemer or a madman, but when Jesus Christ makes those claims every one immediately assents. They somehow agree to it and are not shocked, for it seems perfectly natural. Those astounding claims are not matched anywhere in all the world's life. Only God can say things like that.

He claimed to be a perfect teacher; to set a perfect example; to be a sinless being; that all should love him and obey him. He claimed to work such miracles as no other ever did; that prophecy was fulfilled in him, that he would rise from the dead, that he would himself be the final Judge of the world. He was original in

claiming to know all about another world; in giving to men an entirely new conception of God; in proposing to set the world right, not merely by his life and precepts, but largely by his death; in claiming to give to men an invisible and potent help in amending their own lives; in his idea of a divine society on earth and the kingdom of God here and now; in claiming to exercise the divine prerogative to forgive sin. He was original in claiming for himself superior power to legislate, and he did not hesitate to say, "A new commandment I give unto you." No matter what others came to believe about him, there can be no shadow of a doubt what he believed about himself. His own conviction concerning himself is always apparent and emphatic. He knew he was the Son of God and the only Saviour of mankind.

He himself distinctly made this claim for himself. Then his disciples, his inspired followers, repeated those claims concerning him and repeatedly repeated them. They emphasized all that he himself had ever declared. John said he was the Son of God, and men exiled him, and he died in exile for saying it. Peter said Jesus was the Son of God, and men crucified Peter with his head downward because he said it.

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Thomas said Jesus was the Son of God, and they murdered him because he said it. Every one of the apostles said Jesus was the Son of God, and they were all persecuted to their death because they said it. The apostle Paul declared Jesus was the Son of God, and then died under the axe in the old city of Rome. The whole group of them lived and died in loyalty to this truth concerning Christ that he was the Son of God.

Heaven as well had the announcement to make when Christ came. The shepherds had the message from the angels when they came and announced his coming as the Son of God. When he was baptized and began his ministry on the banks of the Jordan, the heavens opened, and the voice of God was heard on earth saying, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." On the Mount of Transfiguration the disciples were paralyzed when that voice was heard again on earth saying, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

Now the question is this. Can that claim be substantiated? It was made by him. It was made by heaven. It was made by his disciples. It is the heart of the Bible. Can the claim be substantiated? First of all, *by his sinless, per-*

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*fect life.* Suppose you were asked to write the life or to make a picture of an ideal man. You would have an impossible task. You have never lived with one yet. You have never seen him. Your imagination could reach its limit, and you would be unable to make a picture satisfactory to your fellow men of an ideal man. He has never lived. The world has had many great men. Moses was a great man, but by no means perfect. David was a great man, but he had serious faults. Socrates was a great man, but he made many mistakes. You could ask them all, and every one of them would say: "If you talk about an ideal man, it is not I. I know myself better than anybody else. I know my weaknesses and defects, and I am not the ideal man." The better a man is, usually the more humble he becomes, and he declares in all humility, "I am so far away from my own ideal." Men have written the story or made the picture of an ideal life. One such writer was a Frenchman; another, an Englishman. Victor Hugo made his picture of Jean Valjean, and you can read it a hundred times and never tire of the story. He wrote concerning the peasant class and succeeded in depicting something that has lived in the lives of men ever since he wrote it. You



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can read it a hundred times, and be inspired and delighted and then disappointed.

Lord Tennyson was himself a fine specimen of manhood, and he drew a picture from the royalty class. He told the story of King Arthur, a man who rendered service for his fellow men, who lived on the high level, and was always an example of truth and sincerity.

When these two men who have been best known for writing an ideal life looked at their records both of them declared they found the source of their inspiration and their idea from the one Ideal Man who ever lived on this planet, and the world has always passed the verdict on Hugo's Jean Valjean and on Lord Tennyson's King Arthur as being only poor representations after all of the Ideal Person, Jesus Christ himself.

Then when we have discovered the fact that there has been lived in this world a perfect life, a perfect human life, we have also discovered that that human life has never yet been contradicted in regard to its perfection. Even his enemies had to confess this and could find no fault. Pilate himself said, "I find no fault with him." Judas said, "I have betrayed innocent blood." The Roman soldier said, "He was a

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righteous man." The thief on the cross said, "This man has done nothing amiss." Pilate's wife had a dream about him and said, "He was a righteous man, and you had better not touch the sacred life." His enemies verified it, and he challenged all those about him by saying: "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" and there came not an answer back from friend or enemy. Those who had lived with him for three years increased their admiration and their respect into reverence, then fell down and worshiped him because he had lived that perfect life without a single stain or sin resting on it.

To the artist he is the One altogether lovely.

To the architect he is the Chief Cornerstone.

To the astronomer he is the Sun of Righteousness.

To the baker he is the Living Bread.

To the banker he is the Hidden Treasure.

To the biologist he is the Life.

To the builder he is the Sure Foundation.

To the doctor he is the Great Physician.

To the educator he is the Great Teacher.

To the engineer he is the New and Living Way.

To the farmer he is the Sower and the Lord of the Harvest.

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To the florist he is the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley.

To the geologist he is the Rock of Ages.

To the horticulturist he is the True Vine.

To the judge he is the Righteous Judge of all men.

To the juror he is the Faithful and True Witness.

To the jeweler he is the Pearl of Great Price.

To the lawyer he is the Counselor, the Law-giver, the Advocate.

To the newspaper man he is the Good Tidings of Great Joy.

To the oculist he is the Light of the Eyes.

To the philanthropist he is the Unspeakable Gift.

To the philosopher he is the Wisdom of God.

To the preacher he is the Word of God.

To the sculptor he is the Living Stone.

To the servant he is the Good Master.

To the statesman he is the Desire of All Nations.

To the student he is the Incarnate Truth.

To the theologian he is the Author and Finisher of our Faith.

To the toiler he is the Giver of Rest.

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To the sinner he is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

To the Christian he is the Son of the Living God, the Saviour, the Redeemer and Lord.

When we have our best moments, all of us have times when we get on the mountaintop and have a different kind of vision in life, when the intellectual faculties are sharpened; when conscience is more clear and certain; when the heart is filled with more purity and love; when all that goes to make up the man seems to rise to its best; when the film is removed from his eyes, and he sees things he never saw before. When we have these moments and we rise to the mountaintop of vision for human life, we are always turning our faces toward the ideal that is found only in Christ. So when vision is at its best, when the faculties are working to the limit, when we can see as we have never seen before, we stand amazed, overwhelmed before his forbearance and love, before his truth and sincerity, before his gentleness and kindness, before his pity and pardon, before his tender touch on childhood and old age and on womanhood and on the prodigal, before his loving relation to all humanity. When we have that vision

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before us in our best moments we say, "There is the perfect ideal life without stain resting on it." Out of the uncounted millions in this great human family he stands unique and absolutely alone in his moral perfection and sinless being.

We are in the midst of light, electric light, this marvel amongst all the marvels of our modern age. The light is here. We are living in it. We believe in it. We trust ourselves to it. We are not going to be in the dark. The light is here, but down through the building somewhere, unseen, run the wires that connect the bulbs to the dynamo. I know the light is here because there is a dynamo somewhere else and there would be no light without the dynamo. The effect must have an adequate cause, and I can argue logically along the same line and reach only one conclusion concerning Jesus Christ. He was God because I have seen the effect, and the startling effect of a sinless life demands an adequate cause. We are at once face to face with three alternatives. He was a deceiver, or self-deceived, or the Son of God. It is irrational to think of this pure soul and perfect life as a deceiver. It is just as absurd to think of this teacher and leader surpassing all others and influencing the world miraculously for thousands

of years as being self-deceived. There is only one conclusion remaining. He must be the Son of God.

I know he was the Son of God for another reason—*because of his miraculous works*. While he was here on earth his whole pathway was marked with the touch of God on the world and on human kind. He demonstrated the fact all the time that he had with him a power that was capable of manipulating the forces of nature as only God could do and of changing things in an instant by his miraculous power. The whole record of his life of miracles corresponds with his perfect sinless life. Just what we would expect took place. A perfect sinless Being ought to be able in the world in which he lives to do things nobody else could do. That is what happened. He unstopped deaf ears. He took the film off blind eyes. He made the paralytic stand up perfectly well. He healed the leper. He went through the whole catalogue of diseases and demonstrated his divine power, and at last reached the climax by raising the dead. Nor did he stop when his earthly life was ended. Throughout the centuries he has been demonstrating that same thing by his miraculous power. Civilization tells the story, for there



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is no true civilization separated from Jesus Christ. Wherever civilization has gone, it has been preceded by Christianity, and the way has been prepared for it. We mark civilization by the progress of Christianity throughout the world. It has gone down into the jungles of Africa. It has gone into the heart of India, into central China and to the islands of the sea, to humanity everywhere. It has always accomplished the same purpose; exactly what the Son of God said he would do, he did do, and he never failed once. Wherever real Christianity has gone and the power of Christ has had the right of way, it has always demonstrated that Jesus Christ can revolutionize any part of this world's geography and can turn any desert into a garden. All that you and I have, and all that we boast of in our civilization, in our wonderful philanthropy and education, and in everything else, is all due to the one source, for the stream finds its fountain-head in the heart of Christ. There is absolutely no other hope for this lost world but Christ as King over the nations, and when he is given the right of way in human society then peace comes, victory is perched on the banners, and the kingdom of God is seen in the earth.

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This miracle is still going on in the life of this world, and there is no explanation of it after two thousand years except the power that reigns in the heart of the Man of Galilee. His miraculous works prove that he is the Son of God. What he does in the individual life is attested by uncounted millions. Even at our best there is so much in us hard to overcome that we are filled with amazement at what Christ does for some of us. Men have been revolutionized and regenerated and changed beyond recognition, made new creatures with a new disposition, a new personality, a new life. I have seen them turned from the lowest of the low to the heights of manhood at its best. I have seen men deep-dyed in sin changed into angels in disposition and life by the touch of the Son of God.

Let us not think we have done much for ourselves. There is a good deal of the animal in every one of us yet. This old human nature of ours is mixed up with the animal. These appetites and passions and habits, these forces of evil in control of your life have shackled and bound you so fast that you are a slave to them, and unless some divine power comes in to break these shackles you are lost for time and eternity;

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and the Son of God has that divine power. He has shown it millions of times, and he will show it for you; he only can do it.

Examine, if you will, the religions of the world. Mohammedanism, rise up, and witness to what you have done for civilization. What miracles have you performed? Mohammedanism replies, "We controlled a great part of the world's geography, and had under us hundreds of millions of human beings through many centuries." That does not mean anything. They say: "We have taught the world that there was one God and that Mohammed was his prophet. We have told men to pray five times a day, and told men about a heaven that was physical and sensual, and we have told them to murder their fellow men." Mohammedanism, you are dying, and are soon to be dead; the death-blow was struck in the late war. There is nothing in Mohammedanism that would civilize this old world of ours, but only degrade it and turn it back again into barbarism.

The Buddhists control something like three hundred millions of the world's population. What does Buddhism say? "I have one idea, that the only life worth living is a life of mysticism and contemplation, but with no God, for

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I do not know a personal God at all, and the world I like best is *Nirvana*." *Nir* means blow and *vana* means out. No hope, no future. That is Buddhism. Was ever ashes given to human kind like that? Was ever sawdust put up to humanity that had so little in it? Was there ever a shell like that with a worm's nest in it? No God, and no future!

Confucianism says, "I have taught right relations between men." That is true, so it did. But when you come to ask the question, "What about the future and the hope for the world," they say, "When you know the past, you know the future." That is all they have to reply. Confucianism has done something for the world here and now in matter of relations in the human family; but—*no God, no hope, no spiritual life*. Confucianism has not fed the soul but starved it to death. It too is dying, and will soon be dead.

Judaism, you had the world and had the best of it. You said God was the only God, and he belonged to you. You were selfish, and had no relation to the rest of the world. When we talked to you about it, you had a faint idea of something in the future, but you did not give mankind much hope, and at the best you are in-

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complete, like a tree having roots and stump but no blossoms and no fruit.

In Christianity, the great miracle in the world's religious life, what do we find? We find that Jesus Christ taught everything that was good in Mohammedanism and more, everything that was good in Buddhism and more, everything that was good in Confucianism and more, and he fulfilled all that Judaism began. He gave the world redemption from its sin and the hope of a life hereafter. He told broken-hearted humanity, crying in its agony, that "In my Father's house are many mansions" and "When you pray, say, 'Our Father.'" Jesus Christ was the only Being who ever taught men that God is their Father and that heaven is their home. Christianity alone has that which will satisfy human nature.

During the Parliament of Religions at the Chicago Exposition Joseph Cook was one of the speakers. With his gigantic intellectual power and his thrilling eloquence and his overflow of knowledge and his stalwart Christian faith he captivated the great audience. What a master he was! What a giant in every way! He compelled every man to stop and look and listen and think. Something seemed to flow out of him

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that made men pause and think. On the world's platform in Chicago when they had their Parliament of Religions all the representatives of this world's religions were in a semicircle, some of them in their robes and each one representing his kind, and that great brain unraveled to them some of the mysteries of Christianity. Before he finished he described those blood-spots on the hands of Lady Macbeth, and everybody saw the spots when he pictured them. Then dramatically he turned around to that array of the world's representatives of religion, and asked them if any man in the circle had anything that could wash those spots out, and all of them shook their heads, "No." Then the great orator turned to the audience and said, "Thank God, I have." "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin."

Jesus lived a perfect life, and he did miraculous works. Once more, he was the Son of God *because of his victorious death*. He prophesied his death, and he went straight on toward it. He died as did none other who ever died on this earth. Others have been crucified, but knew nothing about his death. He died voluntarily, of his own free will, that the divine purpose might be fulfilled. In that death he declared



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the purpose of it himself, and stood silently before his persecutors with a sublimity and eloquence the world never dreamed. He could have silenced them in a moment. He could have destroyed their program and made it go for naught, but he went straight on through all that suffering to his cross until they pierced his hands and feet, and scarred his side, and let the crown of thorns press his brow. No being that ever lived died like Jesus Christ. It was a victorious death, fulfilled according to his own prophecy and the Bible's prophecy.

Then he rose *victorious from the dead*. After they had nailed him to the cross he came from the grave. Other people have been brought back to life, but he was the only being ever on this earth that came to life by his own divine power. He was declared to be the Son of God by his resurrection from the dead. And when he rose from the dead he said, "Because I live, ye shall live also." What a wonderful climax to the most wonderful life this world ever knew! Victorious over death on the resurrection morning by his own divine power!

You can see God in him, for "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." You can find God only in him, for "There is no other name

given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved except the name of Christ," and the test, final, certain, irrefutable, is the test of experience. I know Jesus Christ is the Son of God by an argument that I cannot tell you—by something I cannot explain. I know he is the Son of God because he lives in me, in this poor, weak, sinful life of mine. I know he is the Son of God because he saves me.

There was a man out in the Middle West, a bright man in politics. He was a great debater on the political platform. He met his opponents and always defeated them, but intoxicating liquor defeated him, and he went down, and farther down. He was on the edge of a dark eternity. One night he was to be a debater at a great gathering. His enemy was to meet him before thousands of people. He came to the platform so intoxicated that he could hardly walk, and to save the disgrace they turned out the lights. In that crisis hour in the man's life somehow or other he found a book, a simple little book, and he began to read it. It was a book about Christ. He read it through and read it again. It took him into the pages of the New Testament, and he read the Gospels. Then he found his way alone, without any help, no one knowing it but

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himself and God—he found his way to Christ, and he says he had a conviction grip him that Jesus Christ was the Son of God and his only hope. He surrendered to Christ, and from that day not a drop of intoxicating liquor crossed the threshold of his lips. He became one of the kingliest Christian men in the country. He was Speaker of the House in Washington. Saved by grace because he knew that Jesus Christ was the Son of God! We have seen it work, and never once has it failed. Only because Christ is the Son of God can he do it. No one could ever convince that man that Christ is not God in human flesh, and millions of other men walk up alongside of him and make the same declaration. It comes in thunder tones from the vast host of humanity.

There was a famous judge in this country who was an atheist. One night when his wife was away from home, conviction seized him concerning his wrong relation to God and things that were spiritual and real, and he was thinking this through while he was there alone. When she came home he was not yet through thinking. She tried to persuade him to go to bed, but he would not go. He knew it was of no use. He was up all night, pacing up and

down the floor. Early the next morning he went to his law office, locked the door, and said he was not to see anybody, and he made a resolution that he would not go through that door again until he found the truth about Christ. He dropped on his knees and began to pray. He had been brought up a Unitarian and believed that Christ was only a man, so when he dropped on his knees he said, "O God, have mercy and save me." He kept crying that over and over again, but no relief came. Then something told him to say, "O God, for Jesus' sake, save me." He said: "I cannot do it. I will not do it." He tells the story of how he literally lay on his face on the floor to get relief, and he could only say, "O God, save me." Finally out of the limit of his agony he burst out, "O God, for Jesus' sake, save me." "Oh," he said, "how the light broke and heaven came into that office." Something had happened, and God had come to the rescue and transformed his whole life, and from that day he was one of the noblest men the church ever knew. He found no relief until he recognized that Jesus Christ was the Son of God. The question is answered, and this is the Scripture word, "If you believe not that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, you shall die in your sin."

## That We Are Children of God?

### IV

#### HOW DO WE KNOW THAT WE ARE CHILDREN OF GOD?

ALL men were created by God but not all men now belong to God's family. Sin destroyed the original intent and caused the tragic separation between men and God. Jesus made a distinct and emphatic declaration concerning this when he said, "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do." The Scripture states unmistakably the fact that we are by nature the "children of wrath" even as others. By nature, then, we are not the children of God. The understanding of this is of great importance in order that we be not deceived and disappointed at last. Only those who have been born a second time, and have a relation to the new creation, and are new creatures in Christ Jesus, having been begotten by the Holy Ghost, are the adopted in his family and are his.

How can we know that this relation has been established and is forever secure? The desire to know this is persistent in the hearts of all

Christians. It is one of the things we want to know most of all. It carries with it life's sweetest comfort and death's only security. Without this certainty fear and anxiety are our constant companions. We ought to know. We can know. How can we know?

First of all, by trust in Christ's promises. He did not fail in making them. He will not fail in keeping them. He who was the Truth never uttered a word that was not fulfilled to the letter. There can be no mistake in what he said, or why he said it, and for whom it was intended. It was so often repeated and so clearly stated and in so great a variety of expression that we can be perfectly sure of its meaning and our personal relation to it. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Have"—present tense and indicative mode, and no interrogation-mark! Everlasting life and everlasting love! "I have loved them with an everlasting love." "He that believeth hath everlasting life," eternal and secure now and forever; not temporary, for "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" and then follows the mention of every conceivable possibility, and all a failure in de-



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stroying this sacred relation. This is for all who come, and all who will believe, and all who will receive. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." There is a great "whosoever" on every Scripture page, and the stamp of God's mercy wherever it is revealed. "To as many as received him to them gave he the right to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name"—the right and the power and the privilege to become the sons of God—"which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." To receive him means salvation, life, eternal life, life of God, a partaker of the divine nature. To receive him is to become a child of God and then an "heir of God and a joint heir with Jesus Christ." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." You can depend upon that. The throne of God depends upon that. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus."

There was also something to be remembered, constantly remembered by his followers—that holy prayer, the holiest of them all, in which he poured out his heart to the Father that we might be kept. "I pray for them. Keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me.

Neither pray I for them alone, but for those also who shall believe on me through their word." That prayer cannot fail. The answer is as sure as the throne. Therefore, every follower of his must be kept forever. "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father, who gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." The Saviour of mankind said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." That certainly gives emphatic answer to my question and my desire without the shadow of a doubt. I have his word for it, and that word can never be broken.

Then there is another and amazing relation to us in his present continuous intercession for us. This too cannot fail. It is the surest thing in the universe. Christ, because he is the real High Priest that continueth forever, "hath an unchangeable priesthood. Wherefore he is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make interces-

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sion for them." We must deny his saving grace, his loving promise, his holy prayer, his heavenly intercession if we do not realize our security.

There is an added certainty in the seal of the Spirit. "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." There is his stamp of possession. He paid the stupendous price and bought us with his own blood, and the seal of this ownership has been placed upon us, and there is no power on earth or in hell that can break that seal. There is also the witness of the Spirit to this great fact. What is this witness of the Spirit "with our spirit that we are the children of God"? It is exceedingly difficult of definition or explanation but will correct errors and false hopes. There is too frequently an emotional basis, a religion of feelings which is not Christianity. You cannot know you are a Christian merely because you feel differently. There must be more to this great fact and experience than that, and if that is in it, it must be secondary or a result. It cannot be the root, it may be a part of the fruit. The witness of the Spirit may be incapable of definition, but it can and must be experienced, and then it is understood and recognized as a vital element in the conviction of the

certainty of our relation to God by faith in Christ. We can be sure because the Spirit gives the assurance as an indisputable and unquestioned witness to the truth. He casts out fear and replaces it with perfect love. But we must remember that he never contradicts himself. The testimony of God in his word and the testimony of the Spirit are always in agreement. He could not contradict himself. What he says in the book he says in your heart. He makes it very plain in the written word who are and who only can be children of God. The sin must be covered by the blood, and the new birth into God's family must take place, and all that Christ did in his life and death and resurrection must be appropriated by the believer. Then his promises are ours and he makes us to understand them and to rest in them. There can be no variance to the word of God in this witness of the Spirit. The conviction he gives always agrees with the Scripture revelation. Then under all circumstances, and in most difficult conditions, and during the darkest hours he brings this holy combination of the promises and the witness together to our remembrance.

This gives us a child's comfort and confidence in the Father's love and care. One of the older

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writers in the church, discussing the subject of "Divine Guidance," tells the story of a young woman in the days of the Covenanters, who was on her way to a secret place of meeting, for in those days it meant your life to be found worshipping the Lord Jesus. She was coming down a hill, when a few hundred yards away she noticed a company of soldiers coming toward her on horseback. She knew that these men were searching for worshipers of the Christ, and she also felt that it would mean not only her life, but the life of all who were assembled that morning, if she betrayed the place of meeting. She also felt that she could not tell a falsehood, and she lifted her heart to God for guidance, and there came to her that passage of Scripture: "Take ye no thought how or what thing ye shall answer, or what ye shall say; for the Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what ye ought to say." A sweet rest came to her spirit. Sooner than I can tell you the story, the officer of this company accosted her with these words, "Whither away, fair lady?" Without the slightest hesitation she replied: "I am on my way to my Father's house. My brother died, and his will is to be read this morning, and I have a share in the inheritance." "I congratu-

late you, fair lady, upon your good fortune," replied the soldier, as the company went on its way. That was perfectly true. She was on the way to her Father's house, for the Father's house is neither at Samaria, nor in Jerusalem, but where a company gathers to worship in spirit and in truth. Her Brother, the one who was "made like unto his brethren," had died a sacrificial death and his Will, "the New Testament in his blood," was to be read that morning, and she was a joint-heir with others in the great inheritance he left to the saints.

I read a page of history on which was related the incident of the famous old Scotch prophet Pedan. It was in the time of King James, those troublous times when murder was rampant in the land, and he was imprisoned for preaching the gospel. He escaped, and he and his followers lived in the dens and caves of Scotland, and he comforted them with his gospel message. Soon, however, King James and his men discovered the whereabouts of these humble worshipers of Christ, and the cavalry followed them over the mountains. They found that they were being rapidly overtaken, and it was impossible for them to escape. At last in one of the ravines they all dropped on their knees, and the



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old Scotch prophet lifted his face heavenward and said: "O God, my Father, thou must have better business for the soldiers of James than to pursue us over these mountains. Send them on other business, twine them about the mountains, cover us with the lap of thy cloak, and protect poor Sandy and these others, and then forever we will tell how God kept us and we found peace." The record is like the bird on the battle-field. He and his followers were in the place of sweetest peace and, account for it as you will, that very instant there came out of a clear sky and swept around the Cheviot Hills of Scotland a mist that was like midnight, and King James' murderers sped with lightning rapidity and with curses on their lips through the valleys, and swept right past Pedan and his followers. In the midst of a world of greatest storm and peril those Covenanters found the sweetest peace that can reign in a human heart, the peace of God, and they were kept in perfect safety.

It was reported more than once from the battle-fields of Europe that when the guns were booming across those fields and shaking the earth on which they stood, in the lull of the battle, on the remnants of a tree, a bird rested

and sang its sweetest song. While the guns were shaking the earth there was something in the bird life that made a song possible. When the storm is in the sky and the heavens are lurid with lightning and heavy with thunder, the chickens underneath the wings of the mother are perfectly at rest and peace, unmindful that there is any storm in the world in which they live. Scientists tell us that when the sea is tossed mountain high with its raging waves, that below the surface there is a perfect calm, all is at peace beneath. They tell us that the cyclone which sweeps everything in its pathway into destruction, and ruthlessly mows down houses, human beings, and fields, there is one place in it at the center which is perfect peace. If all this is possible in the world in which we live for other things, can we find this same element anywhere in human life? I was reading recently of an earthquake that shook the buildings and that part of the world in which they stood, sending everybody in frantic fear into the streets, breaking furniture—excitement reigning everywhere. In the center of it all, in a house that was being swayed back and forth and where the furniture was breaking, sat a Christian old lady in a rocking-chair who never

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moved a hair's-breadth. Some one rushed in and asked her if she was not frightened. She said, "Oh no, I am so thankful I have a God who can shake this old world." It is possible for a human life in the midst of an earthquake to reckon with a God whose everlasting arms are underneath her so that earthquake conditions cannot disturb her. The fact is, it does not take much more than a zephyr to frighten most of us who are named Christian. A thunder-storm will set us all in commotion. The bird knows better, and in God's plan for human life under all conditions I can know the peace of God. I can reckon with my own weakness and my own smallness. I can look away from this to the omnipotence of God, who from his throne sends out the suns and starry worlds by the millions into space, whose mountains are his altars and their snow-crowned summits are the resting-places for his messengers, the clouds that circle high above them are the incense that rises from his worshipers, and the God who numbers and names the stars and made them all is the God whom I worship and who in his great mercy has permitted me to call him "My Father." So in my own finite nature, in my restless, troubled world I can look up in the face of Omnipotence

and speak the filial word, the loving expression of "Father."

A friend of mine, who had a son whom he almost idolized and worthily so, had to give him up for the World War. That son was one of the first who went over in the aviation corps of our American forces to Europe. He was a skilled flyer, an officer, and he did heroic service. When he came back and my friend said, "My boy, tell me what was the greatest experience you have had on the other side of the sea." He said: "Father, that does not take any thinking. I had many experiences but this stands out and will forever remain in my memory as the deepest, most lasting impression. I was out over the ocean alone, and I saw in the distance coming rapidly on toward me a storm that was blacker than midnight. I had never seen such black inky clouds before, and they seemed to be coming on with lightning rapidity straight toward me. I knew I could not reach the shore ahead of the storm. I looked down to the ocean to see if I could go underneath it, and perhaps get on the sea, but the ocean was already boiling in fury. I knew the only thing to do was to get above it, so I turned my frail craft straight up toward the sky, and I let her mount one thou-

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sand feet, two thousand feet, two thousand five hundred feet, three thousand feet, three thousand five hundred feet, and then the storm struck me. It was a hurricane and a cyclone and a typhoon all in one. The sky was immediately as black as midnight. I never saw blackness or darkness like that. I could not see a thing. The rain came in torrents, the snow began to fly, and the hail struck like bullets. I was four thousand feet up in the air. I knew there was only one thing for me to do, and that was to keep on climbing. So I climbed four thousand, five thousand, six thousand, six thousand five hundred feet and then suddenly I was swept out into sunlight and glory such as I never saw in this world. The clouds were all below me. The sapphire sky was bending low above me in amazing splendor. It seemed the glory of another world, and I immediately began to repeat Scripture to myself, and in the heavens above the clouds I worshiped God."

This blessed assurance changes night into day, storm into sunshine, and lifts us above the clouds. We know again that we are children of God by the experience of Christ's power. This was always in evidence in the life of the greatest man that ever lived. Saul of Tarsus

and Paul the apostle, the heroic follower of Jesus, had something which he experienced in his life that held him with a deathless, relentless grip. He lived by it, and constantly proclaimed it to his fellow men. He declared, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." This persuasion was the deepest conviction of his soul and that experience the greatest reality of his life. He had seen the risen Christ, and Christ had laid hold of him. He was always conscious of that supernatural power. There was a contact that was dynamic and that revolutionized his thinking and action and speech. It changed him and his world. There was a power outside of himself that became a part of himself and made him a new man. He had been so changed that he was virtually another. He knew he was a child of God, not primarily by a reasoning, logical, intellectual process, but a something of the heart and life. He was a master of argument, but that was secondary now. This supreme knowledge and eternal fixed certainty came to him by the way of his deepest, most wonderful experience. But not only on the Damascus road. It was a constant repetition all



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along the journey of his earthly life—the same supernatural power and the same conscious contact. He was so changed that those who had known him before failed to recognize him now. The Saviour of men had to stoop very low to lift him, but he did and the cross-marked hand gripped that bundle of spoiled humanity and lifted it. The wonderful power of grace lifted it out of the depths into the heights of manhood, Christian manhood—the kingliness and reality of man at his best! That divine hand never lessened or loosened, and power to live and to serve and to be and to do coursed through the veins and arteries of his life and made him say a thousand times, “I am saved,” “I know I am saved,” “I am forever saved.” This passes all other experiences and is charged with an unadulterated certainty.

The power of Christ in changing our lives is proof positive of our certain and fixed relation to him. Millions of the world's noblest and best bear testimony to this fact. They have declared all throughout the centuries, “I know,” and they know this better than they know anything else. Experience of the power of Christ is the pathway to the fountain where the sweet waters of assurance are found. What has Christ done

for your life? What is Christ doing for your life? Force the question to a definite answer. Are you conscious that he has changed it? Are you better because of this relation to him? What would you be without him? Has he come to be a real necessity? Can you live or imagine what life would be without him? If his power is doing something for you, even if not the ideal or the limit of desire or expectation, if you have experienced the thrill of his power, you must have a real relation to him. You must be his. If you are his then his life must be yours, and that life is eternal. There is no power in the universe to take it away from you, for he declared, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." "He is able to save to the uttermost." He is able. He is able to keep. His ability is our eternal security. This is a personal relation and a personal experience which is positive proof. It permits of no interrogation-mark. "He is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy." Then "we are kept by the power of God ready to be revealed in the last time." No enemy can ever destroy or steal that which is his. This is the music of the soul and our triumphant song.

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The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
He'll never, no, never, desert to his foes.  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
He'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

A famous theological teacher asked one of his students to read the verse of Scripture in which Paul says, "I know whom I have believed." The student began as most others have understood and read, "I know in whom I have believed." The aged teacher suddenly stopped him and requested that he read it again. The second time he read it after the first fashion. Then came the second interruption, and the great lesson for him and his fellow students when the professor said: "Young gentlemen, it is not written that way. The man who wrote that under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit knew better. He never said, 'I know in whom I have believed,' but he said, 'I know whom I have believed.' Now as long as you live and you preach never allow even a preposition to come between you and Jesus."

When the great Alexander, another teacher, was dying a friend sat at his bedside and at the great theologian's request read this same chapter in the Scripture, and when he came to that verse he also placed the preposition in the sen-

tence. The dying Alexander stopped him and said: "Man, do not read that like that, for it is not there. Do not now, when I am looking into eternity, place even a preposition between me and Christ." When Michael Faraday was passing into the other world after his marvelous career and discoveries in science, a fellow scientist sat by his side. In the last moments of their conversation he turned to the dying man and said, "Faraday, before you leave this world I wish you would tell me what speculations you have now." He rallied his dying energies and emphatically declared: "Man, I have no speculations now. I am dying on certainties. I know whom I have believed."

We can know also that we are children of God by the consciousness of Christ's presence. One of the great preachers of the world was a chaplain in France during the World War. He said: "During the battle of the Argonne I buried the aide of General Edwards of the Twenty-sixth Division, a fine, upstanding, noble Christian gentleman. His brother, a graduate of Harvard University, was captain of artillery on the Meuse. He secured leave for a few hours to come to the funeral of his brother. At the conclusion of the simple and touching service, he

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turned to me and said, 'Chaplain, may I come to your quarters for a minute?' I said, 'Come.' Presently we were alone. He sat down and opened up his dirty trench coat—I can see him now—and said with a quivering voice: 'That brother of mine was more than a brother, he was a pal, he was a companion, the dearest friend I ever had on earth. We saw each other every week, even during the horrors of the last few months.' And then the voice stopped, and the tears came. And we sat in silence. I handed him a card. It was all I could do. The card had a picture on it of a shell bursting full in a man's face; as he went down and out there was the figure of the Lord Jesus Christ with a protecting arm going round him, and the man clutching at him; and underneath were the simple words, 'Hard hit; hold fast!' He took the card, looked at it steadily, put it in his blouse, and then with eyes shining, and voice steady, he said to me with an intensity that I shall never forget: 'You know what the Twenty-sixth has been through since last February. We have been in hell. You know the dugouts that we are living in like swine today, and you know what may happen any moment to our artillery; but I want to say to you that every illusion that I have

had as a young man, betraying me into false valuations of the physical and material world, is gone forever. What happens to me, to my body, to my home, to my possessions, I do not care. Whatever vision of spiritual values I have had as a young man in prep school or college has been enhanced a thousandfold by my experiences. I know now that there is only one thing that matters, and that is the eternal. I know that God is everything.' 'Captain,' I said, 'your words thrill me, for yesterday I met an officer who tried to draw me into an argument, and challenged me to prove to him the existence of a God.' I wish you could have seen the look in that fellow's eyes as he answered with a little curl of the lip, 'When did that captain arrive at Brest?' 'Two weeks ago,' I said. 'Yes, I thought so!' he replied, 'S. O. S.—Service of Supplies—well out of range!'"

The man who has really met Christ has not met him at the end of a syllogism; he has experienced him. Christianity is an experience, life's most real and wonderful experience. According to his promise, he is always with us. This divine companionship and fellowship is ours. To practise his presence is our privilege and the creating of our confidence. David Liv-



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ingstone in the jungles of Africa and in the darkness more dense than any African forest or night, lived by the promise of Christ's presence. He said that his favorite text was, "Lo, I am with you all the days, even unto the end of the age," and then declared, "I live by that." To himself and to others repeatedly he said, "It is the word of a gentleman, and cannot fail." This was his constant comfort and salvation. Any man who lives in the presence of Christ can never doubt that he belongs to Christ. So vital and real is this that it is said, "We abide in him, and he abides in us." It is more than the ordinary life. There is not anything in human experience like it. It belongs only to the child of God. Some one asked Hudson Taylor the secret of his great work in China, and here is his answer: The hour from six until seven every morning of his life he gave to God. One morning he would pray from six until seven with his door locked, and no one was ever to bother Hudson Taylor at that time. Another morning, from six until seven, with his door locked he would read the word of God, God talking to him. Another morning, with the door locked, he would sit with his face toward heaven and just repeat out loud, "Blessed Jesus! Blessed

Jesus!" And he said, "You have never talked out loud to God in your life without knowing within five minutes that there was some one else in the room." Did you ever try it?

He walks with me, and he talks with me,  
And he tells me I am his own,  
And the joy we share as we tarry there  
None other has ever known.

To practise his presence is to make certain our relation to him. We can know also that we are children of God when we practise Christ's principles:

Hereby we know him if we keep his commandments. . . Hereby we know that we are in him. He that saith he abideth in him ought himself also to walk even as he walked. . . Every one that loveth is begotten of God and knoweth God. . . We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren. . . Hereby we know that we are the children of God when we love God and keep his commandments. . . Hereby we know that we abide in him and he in us because he hath given us of his Spirit. . . These things have I written unto you that ye may know that ye have eternal life, even unto you that believe in the name of the Son of God.

The verdict of Christ himself is our authority for his essential relation to this practical assur-

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ance. "By their fruits ye shall know them." This was the mark that always rested upon them. "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples." The fruits of the Spirit are easy to discover. "For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." This is a simple, unmistakable test and we can positively know whether we are in the kingdom of God or not. Is our life made up of these elements, and can others see them in us and never contradict our claim? Do our fellow men corroborate the witness of our own spirit that we are the children of God? If we make our peace with God and then work out his righteousness and can experience his joy, other people will immediately come to the conclusion that we belong to him. Those who live with us can help make the certainty more certain and the conviction sure as his cradle and his cross and his grave and his throne.

When character has made its contribution to all the other elements of assurance then sacrificial service furnishes the climax. Absolutely consecrated Christians are not much troubled about their relation to Christ. I have never known a missionary who carried this interro-

gation with him into the depths of heathenism or up his Calvary. I have visited them in their jungle huts, and in their extreme deprivation, and was filled with admiration for their simplicity of faith which matched the simplicity of life and their childlike confidence in their heavenly Father. They were his and always in his care, and that sweet cup at their lips was their constant comfort and inspiration. In my amazement at this, and a bit of envy fastened to it, I have immediately discerned the secret. A life consecrated to Christ must know it belongs to him. A missionary returning from his field on a furlough to his home reached the Hawaiian Islands, and when he sailed away from them he became acquainted with another traveler making the voyage to the American continent. This stranger related to him a fragment of his tragic life. As a young man in one of the cities of the United States he became rapidly and marvelously successful in business. Riches were his, and then a home beautiful with a choice wife and a little flaxen-haired girl whom he idolized. They were companions at every return home and every other opportunity. He loved her to the limit and dreamed of her future. Suddenly one dark day—midnight at midday—death entered

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that haven and heaven which he called home and carried out this much-loved child. In his overwhelming grief death almost claimed him. Within two months this dark-robed angel stood again on that same threshold, and his wife was gone. In his despair and almost loss of reason he sold his home and his business, arranged his affairs and disappeared. He went hardly knowing whither, but just determined to travel and get away, far away, from it all. He went around the world, in almost every part of the world. Some years passed by when he found himself on the Hawaiian Islands. After a brief time elapsed the United States Government offered him a position, which he accepted. He was successful in it, and then they gave him a more responsible one, and then a still better one. At this time a message came from Washington asking him to make all arrangements to entertain ex-president Taft, to show him around the islands and give him all that could be given him for comfort and information and pleasure. This was done, and he received emphatic appreciation. Then another message came asking him to do the same thing for another great American, William Jennings Bryan. This program was all arranged and carried out just as successfully and

satisfactorily. When aboard the boat conveying Mr. Bryan around the islands, the first evening, very early in the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan excused themselves and retired to their state-room. Afterward he and other friends on the deck heard Mr. Bryan reading the Bible and together with his wife kneeling in prayer. The listeners laughed and mocked and sneered. The second night the same thing occurred. When the rest of the party disappeared also to their apartments for the night, he stayed alone on the deck and toward midnight stood at the rail in the moonlight. He was looking down into the attractive water and considering the question of ending his wretched life and getting out of a dark and cruel world, and for him a godless world. Suddenly he heard soft footsteps near him and turned to discover his great guest standing by his side only partially dressed and in slippered feet. Mr. Bryan kindly placed his hand on the arm of his new acquaintance and said, "I have been watching you ever since we started, and I know something is troubling you, and I want to help you." The troubled man replied: "You are right, sir, but you cannot help me; no one can help me." Mr. Bryan said, "You must tell me the story anyway." The request



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was so tenderly and sincerely made that he could not refuse. Then he related the sad experience of the recent years. The great man placed his arm about him and said, "I have a Friend who can help you." "What do you mean?" was the reply. "I have a Friend who will be your Friend, and he can help you," and said the man: "Before I knew what was happening he was on his knees and drew me down by his side, and then came a prayer passing anything I ever heard and tears mingled with the words. It came from the depths of his big heart and reached like a flash the heart of God. That night on the deck of that boat he passed me over into the keeping of Jesus Christ as my real Friend, and I have been there ever since and have lived in a changed world." With this open door into this great man's soul can you wonder at the deathless conviction of his eternal certainties and his shadowless faith in the great fact that he was a child of God. He was one of the greatest men that ever stood under the American flag, but this greatness was due to the fact that he always stood beneath the Cross of Christ and never doubted and never questioned and never wavered. When he lay down for his last rest on earth he went to sleep like

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a child in his father's arms. His tired head rested on this soft pillow, "I know whom I have believed." We too can know by the promise and the power and the presence and the practise, and the Holy Spirit will seal it forever.

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### V

## HOW DO WE KNOW WE SHALL LIVE FOREVER WITH GOD?

Is THERE a future life? All through history that interrogation has forced its way into the depths of every human soul. Away in the far dim past of all literature the author of that famous sacred poem, the Book of Job, asked, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Every other man has been echoing that question and trying to find its answer, and especially in these years following the Great War when millions of young men recently laid down their lives on the battle-fields of the world. It has fallen from countless lips and is written everywhere in capital letters.

There is a future life, first of all, because I have died daily and yet retained the same personality. The smallest word that we could utter, with a single letter and a single monosyllable, as frequently found on our lips as any other, is that word "I." It is the center of all our conversation: I go, I come, I will, I do, I can, I may.

So all through our daily talk we are constantly reiterating that word "I." What do we mean when we say, "I"? You answer immediately and say, "I mean myself." Of course you mean yourself, but that does not give me any answer. That is only stating the same thing over in another form.

You say: "I mean all there is of myself. I mean my body, my mind, my feelings, my desires, my clothes, and everything that I see when I stand in front of the looking-glass or think about myself. I mean myself when I say 'I.'"

That sounds good, but it is all *sound*. Do you mean this body when you say, "I"? Well, if you mean this body, you mean a certain chemical composition that science has been able to separate into its parts and tell us practically all about from a physical point of view; but what body do you mean? Do you mean the body that I have now, or the body I had last year, or ten years ago? Practically in my lifetime I have had twelve of them, and I want to know to which body you refer. It is absolutely changed, and every particle of it has been remade through these years; so which body do you mean?

If I speak wisely I do not say, I am a body, but I say, I have a body, and I am something

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that looks out through the eyes of this body and sees my fellow men. I am something back of this physical, using it as an instrument through which I hear the music and sweet sounds of the world. I am something that lives in this house. The house may change, and I may move twelve times in fifty years, and yet "I" am still "I."

Do you mean the brain when you speak about "I"? Science has been struggling to find out whether the brain is simply the material agency through which a man thinks or the maker of thought. Does the brain create thoughts, or is the brain simply an agent? Almost universal today is the opinion that the brain is simply an agent or a machine that man uses in expressing or thinking his thoughts. But if the brain is "I," which brain then is "I"? This brain, the material part of it, has changed and changed, constantly changed, completely changed a dozen times. Science can lay it down in front of you and say something about this lobe and that lobe, this vein and this nerve and where this originates. They can lay it down in front of you, and then they see only a pulpy mass of flesh and blood. No man stands by the side of the table with a scalpel in his hand and a human brain before him and says, "That is the man."

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I express myself in regard to my feelings, my affections, my desires, all that goes to make up that internal as well as external part of me, and I say I have not yet reached the center of my personality. I am something other than this, and I do not say any longer, "I am a brain," or "I am a body," but "I have a body," or "I have a brain"; and, if I speak wisely, I do not say "I have a soul," but say, "I am a soul." And there is the striking contrast. I have lived through these years of my life with a changing body and a changing mind, a dying body and a dying brain—all the material passing out and repeating itself in changes—and I am still I. I am the same personality that I was when I was a boy, and when I was a young man, and now when I am at middle life. Exactly the same. I am a soul; not, I have a soul. I believe in a future for that reason; that dying does not change the personality. That is never changed. I am the same, and if I die gradually it makes no difference. That is only a contrast to my dying all at once. The effect must be the same on my personality.

I believe in a future life also because I live in a reasonable universe. We have always understood that immortality could never be proved;



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that it was in a different sphere from other things that men talk and read about and believe in. Some men today have told us very emphatically that it can be proved, and some of the great men have been telling us that they have proved it by their psychic revelations. Sir Oliver Lodge, Frederick Myers, and other men in the scientific world have all said: "I have for myself proved a future life. I know it because I have had a personal experience in relation to it." There may be marvelous revelations in the coming days. I do not know anything about that. It is all too hazy and mystifying, but I do know that the very same ground that scientists stand on for their proofs I stand on for my proof of a future life, and the fundamental point is that I live in a reasonable universe, and all science has been standing in that very place and in no other. The scientist has assumed a hypothesis that he lives in a reasonable universe, and from that he has worked out all his theories. He is dependent on the hypothesis for everything just as much as I am dependent on the hypothesis for my belief that there is a life beyond. I have just as much ground for that as any scientist ever had.

In other words, I have just as much argu-

ment and proof for immortality as he has for the law of gravity. He assumes that the law of gravity is a reality. He has never proved it and never will. It answers the facts, and if that answers the facts of his physical world, I believe that immortality, just as logically and with just as much argument back of it, answers the facts of human life, and these are infinitely more important facts than the facts the scientist deals with. The facts of flowers and birds and everything that goes to make up the material world are not to be compared with the facts of human life. These last are of infinitely greater importance, and so I demand an answer for these facts just as does the scientist for his facts, and he says, "I have an answer because I am living in a reasonable universe."

The chemist stands up with his test-tube and crucible in hand and says, "Ask all nature the same question any time and anywhere, and you always get the same answer." He says: "I live in that kind of a world. I know it, I work by it. I put this in the crucible, I put this in the test-tube, and I know I will receive the answer wherever I ask it, for I am living in a reasonable world, a world that is made by the cosmic process. I do not want to live in any other world

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than that." He says all that with all reason back of it.

The planets never came to any agreement among themselves that they would make themselves, and then form their orbits or never touch another planet in all God's universe, and keep that thing up for millions of years. The scientist says no man is fool enough to believe that. He says, "I live in the cosmic process, and God made this world a reasonable world upon which I can depend."

No man dreams that a book came together in its present shape by a lot of type being thrown in a jumble and then the words forming on the pages. There is something other than that, something behind that. It is a reasonable process by which these things are accomplished. I find my answer to my demand for the facts of human life, but I find it only in immortality, and I have the same standing-ground that science has for its arguments.

The Rheims Cathedral, that magnificent piece of architecture, was ruined by German cannon, almost completely ruined. That was the glory of human art, with pillars and arches like a dream, with pictures beautiful from the hand of the master, with glass windows simply marvels

of the ages, with exterior and interior of lace-work as if an angel's hand had made it. The building itself was a treasure-house, the wonder of the centuries. The strange thing about the ruins is this: The statue of Joan of Arc, that gold statue on the horse, with the flag of victory in her hand, shines and glistens in the sunlight and has not a single scratch on it. It is the only thing in all the square that remains untouched.

That is typical of a greater truth. Joan of Arc made part of French history inside the walls of Rheims Cathedral. The greatest woman of France had her relation to that cathedral, and can it be that that cathedral could stand for hundreds of years in all its beauty and glory, and the woman's soul that saved the French nation die in young girlhood, and forever be annihilated and gone? No, if I live in a reasonable universe, the unending ages of eternity can never touch the soul of Joan of Arc. It cannot be reasonable that the men who created by their genius the architectural glory of the Rheims Cathedral died centuries ago and are gone, forgotten forever, and that which they made is of longer duration and importance than the men who made it. I do not believe it.

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Sir Isaac Newton, with his magnificent brain, takes the planet Neptune and holds it in his hand and studies it. He knows all about it, and knows its relation to every other planet in the boundless universe, but it cannot be reasonable that Neptune can be in existence millions of years and Sir Isaac Newton, who can study and measure and understand a planet, die at threescore and ten and be gone forever. I live in a reasonable universe, and I live where only immortality answers the facts of human life.

I believe also in a future life because of the incompleteness and injustice of this life. This body dies naturally. We make scarcely any protest concerning that. We do make a protest when we reach the soul of a man, when we reach his mind, his higher qualities and faculties, where we discover that knowledge and character are limitless. There is no boundary-line to the extent of man's knowledge and character. The body reaches its natural growth, then gradually decays or is suddenly made to die; but the mind, the intellect, the character, the great qualities in the soul of a man, are limitless. They will not reach anything like the border-line in this life. They are looking forward to enlargement and perfection in the life to come. If this life is all,

then life is a miserable cheat, death is only an interloper. Something is wrong somewhere with my world and with the reasonableness of my universe if, in view of the incompleteness of life here, I have no future life.

There are uncounted human beings on this planet in the history of the human family who have never had a chance in this world, and who were not responsible for their narrow boundaries and their early death and hindrances. Even if they were responsible and made their mistakes and therefore closed the door of opportunity, but were forgiven, the basest injustice would be not to give them some chance somewhere, some time to develop the faculties and powers with which they were endowed.

There are thousands of poets who never wrote poetry, thousands of painters and artists who never made pictures, thousands of orators who never reached the heights of oratory. They were shackled and imprisoned by injustice in human society in relation to men and women and the unequal distribution of the good things God has given to men. Starvation on one hand, extreme riches on the other; liberty and freedom on one hand, dungeons and slavery on the other. Thousands of people have been slain, while those



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who murdered them were allowed to go free. Socrates drank his hemlock, but his murderers lived on in Athens. Paul went to Nero's block and had his head severed for Jesus' sake, but Nero lived on in all the luxury this world could heap upon a man. Nero burned the Christians as candles in his garden, and still he lived on. Tiberius threw men and women by the hundreds over a precipice into the sea, but the miserable old wretch and murderer lived to be eighty years of age in all the glory the world could give him.

The earth is crowded with injustice. Something must happen some time, somewhere, to right these awful wrongs and to make complete that which is incomplete. We see only a fragment here, only one segment in the great circle and sweep of life. It is a cruel mockery of all that we call life unless there is a continuation of life forever.

Sir Walter Scott was writing his book one night when he became weary, and at the midnight hour this was the last sentence he wrote: "In the morning." Right there he dropped his pen and died. That was prophetic, it was beautiful, for Sir Walter began again in the morning. His life was incomplete here, but finished somewhere.

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Victor Hugo said: "For forty years I have been giving my thoughts to this world in prose and history and poetry and fiction and drama and satire, but I have not told the world one-millionth part of what is in me; and when at last I lie down and sleep the sleep which men call death I shall awake in the morning." Of course he will. His confidence in a reasonable universe was surely not misplaced.

Sir Walter Raleigh was in a cell where he could only have twice his length in which to walk, and there was hardly room for him to move his elbows. It was a little narrow dungeon, and the great royal Sir Walter felt unable to endure it for any length of time. It seemed he must die in those narrow confines. Nothing but blank walls day after day and night after night. That is the way it is with human life. It is too narrow, the walls are too close. I am too confined. I feel that somehow or other I must have my liberty in a larger world, and endless liberty at that. Witness Lord Byron who died in his thirties. Witness Raphael who died at thirty-seven. Witness Robertson of Brighton who died at thirty-two. Witness Shelley, who died at thirty. Witness the whole long catalog, who just began to live and were only on the

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threshold of life. Their life was all incomplete and a mockery.

One of the finest pieces of poetic prophecy I ever saw in this world was composed on that blood-stained and seemingly useless battle-ground of Gallipoli. It was written in the night by an English boy, who had already called some valuable poetry out of his soul, but he died there in his country's service. He wrote something that was Tennysonian, some of the most beautiful verses that ever came out of a human brain. Suppose he had been able to live to be threescore and ten! The library shelves would have had volumes of his works. God has a library somewhere, and that bright boy is making poetry for the eternal ages.

What are you going to give as an answer to the incomplete lives of the millions of our boys who went from America to die on the battle-fields of Europe? What answer have you for all that incompleteness? I say to you that with that incompleteness this life would be a miserable cheat, and I would want nothing more to do with it. But I must believe in the justice and the reasonableness and the completeness of the Almighty's work. If there is a good God on the throne of this universe, and you call him Father,

never dream that he creates his children to annihilate them. He begets them to live and move and have their being in him, and this life is only the introduction to the life which is to come.

I believe in a future life also because of *the universality of this desire and hope*.

I do not know whether I credit that wonderful argument of the fact of instinct as some other men have done. This matter of instinct is one of the most mysterious things in this world, one of the most unsolved of all the problems of life.

The birds in the northern climate know when winter is coming on. Then thousands of them go over into South America and in a path as straight and perfect as any compass ever marked out. In the spring they return to the same place by the same route. There is no answer to that. The scientist says that when the north winds began to blow the birds were blown toward the south. They liked it and felt better as they went on, and the winds kept blowing them on until they reached the south, and they enjoyed it when they reached it. Then when the springtime comes they follow the flowers back again to the north. Now the scientists tell us that they believe that there is more in the drawing power of the south than there is anything within the bird,

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and that the summer land of the south calls the birds, and they come. I do not know. There may be something in it.

I think that the instinct of immortality is a large factor. I think God's eternal land calls to my soul and my soul answers back with a response that is emphatic. The other world is calling me. I cannot help but hear it. It seems to be in my nature to hear it. It is there somewhere, and it is calling me, and my soul answers it with a response that is unmistakable, and every other man's soul is answering it, from the man who lives in the jungles of Africa to Plato the great philosopher. Cicero cried out for it. Socrates said it was there, and it was the greatest reality of all. He said, "Of course you can kill this body, but no man can touch my soul." The man who was illiterate and unable to read a word or write his own name, found this at the center of his being, the universal desire and hope, and Lord Bacon felt it as the deepest part of his nature also.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was one of the greatest philosophers, and he wrote more about immortality than any other subject. John Fiske was one of the greatest scientists, a pupil of Spencer; Herbert Spencer said that Romanes and John

Fiske were his greatest pupils. Romanes was a consecrated Christian man and believed in a future life, and John Fiske said there was absolutely no question about immortality, and Herbert Spencer said they were his two greatest exponents.

I believe also in a future life because of *its intense practical need*. Every truth can be in part tested by its practicality. One of the most practical things in this world is the truth of immortality. You begin to believe it and then live like it. You fail to believe in it or think of it only as a dim possibility, or else discard it altogether, and then see what happens to your spiritual and your moral life; immediately it begins to weaken. Men are saved from wreckage by believing in the future. Every man is lifted to a higher level who has this as his soul's conviction. It is a leverage underneath his life that lifts him on a higher plane. To believe in a future life makes a man climb. Not to believe in a future life causes a man to go down. I rise to Alpine heights in the glory of manhood when I believe in my eternal life. When I fail to believe in it I would do what other men have done—eat, drink, sin, go to the limit—for tomorrow we die.



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All men have been affected by their belief in a future life and been made better men and women. The apostle Paul was the greatest of all the characters this world ever knew, a character which was purely human, but which came nearest to the divine of any man who ever lived. Paul had as the inspiration of his wonderful career the constant conviction of a future life. He went through shipwreck and in dangers, in dungeons and in prison, and at last he went to Nero's block and it was all because he saw that which was ahead of him.

*The deathless conviction of a future life gives dignity to this life.* It furnishes us with courage and cheerfulness in meeting the trials and carrying the burdens. It saves us from low ideals and selfish pursuits and wrong relation to others. It gives us a clearer conception of duty and inspires us to cultivate real character. Living for the future is not cowardice but real heroism, and an inspiration to everything noble and high. It gives us a holy ambition for the making of life and the rendering of service. It is an inspiration for the noblest and divinest in life. That is a great life which lives constantly in sight of the eternities. I stain life, I wreck it, I ruin it when I fail to believe in its future exis-

tence, but when I enlarge it into the eternal then I come to live in tune with the infinite. I have had that as my soul's deepest conviction through the years. I am sure that I—that is, my personality, my soul, that which is really I—is to live one thousand years from now just as well as now. I am to live ten million years that larger, untrammelled, unhindered, divine-marked life.

I believe in a future life without a question because *Jesus Christ made it absolutely certain*. He brought to a climax all the arguments and finished the proof without the possibility of a question. The moment I fasten myself to him then I have no doubt. He gave me all these other things as my standing-ground, then he brought life and immortality out into light which never can be turned into darkness. He said, "I am the truth." He not only told the truth, but he was the embodiment of the truth. He always told the truth, and I must believe him above every other verdict. I must push every other man aside, and every book away, and I must believe him who is the truth.

Then he added, "If it were not so I would have told you." That settles it. Did he not also say?

## We Shall Live Forever With God?

He that believeth hath everlasting life; I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die; because I live ye shall live also.

That is the statement of Jesus Christ and more than that, he added to that statement and to all his revelations to men that unmistakable, unquestionable fact, his own resurrection. Joseph's garden is the climax of all argument. That settles it forever. He is today the living, risen Christ, and because he lives I shall live also.

When Alexander Cruden, the man who wrote the concordance, and who knew the Bible as scarcely any man ever knew it, came near the end of his physical life, he lay down one day on the couch to rest, and he opened the sacred book and laid his tired head upon it. He went to sleep and they walked in afterward, saw that he was asleep and tiptoed out of the room. They came back in an hour, and he had not moved. They went up to him, put their hands on his forehead, and found it was cold. He had been dead for hours with his head on the book. Was there ever a pillow in the world like that, the book of immortality and resurrec-

tion and life, eternal life, the book of God's heart and God's home and God's heaven?

Henry M. Grady died in early manhood, from overwork. One day, just before he passed on into the other world, he took the train and went back to his old country home, and found his aged mother. He told her he had come back, for he wanted to walk around the old place once more, and wanted her to kiss him and put him to bed that night just as she used to do. So he had those sweet hours, and when night came he went to his bed, and his old mother came and tucked him in, fixed the pillow, kissed him again and again, and then she went out. But she did not go to sleep. She came back half a dozen times that night and looked at him and in the morning kissed him awake. He went back to Atlanta. Then he came north to Boston, stood on Tremont Temple platform, and delivered one of his greatest orations. He went back to Atlanta, lay down at forty years of age, and died. God tucked him in that last night and kissed him awake in the morning. Death for the Christian is not an ending, but a beginning. It is not a farewell, but a homecoming. It is not a defeat, but a victory. It is not a going alone, but in his divine companionship.

## We Shall Live Forever With God?

The children had gone, four or five of them in the family, they had all gone. Father and mother still retained that old house, and it was a large farmhouse and they lived there until they died. That mother would never allow the rooms in which those boys and the two girls had slept in their childhood, to be disturbed or occupied, and she went every morning to each room, rubbed those pillows and patted them with her hand, and breathed a prayer for that boy or girl, who had now grown up and gone away. Thanksgiving came, and they all agreed that they would come back home on Thanksgiving Day. They secured a mutual friend of the family to go and stay with father and mother for three or four days to get ready, but not to tell them any of the rest were coming home, for they wanted to surprise them. This mutual friend went in, and they cooked the Thanksgiving dinner, and plenty of it. I suppose the old lady wondered what they were cooking so much for. They made all the preparations, and the night before, at 12 o'clock, this friend got up and quietly went down-stairs and unlocked the outside door. Then the sons and daughters came in, and each one went to his accustomed room and went to bed and to sleep. In the

## How Do We Know?

morning the mother came, quietly, just as usual, and walked to the bedside, and there lay buried in the pillow the head of her oldest boy, now sprinkled with gray. She was almost paralyzed at the sight. She stepped back a moment, then rushed up and threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. Then she went to the next room, and the next, until she had been to them all, and such a Thanksgiving that old home had that day as they had never had before. It was some of heaven that came down into that house when mother had gone her rounds and found them all back home. What a picture, what an experience, what a home-coming, what a Thanksgiving Day, an eternal day of light and love and life! In my Father's house are many rooms.









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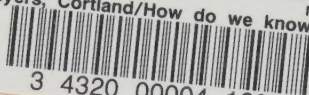
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